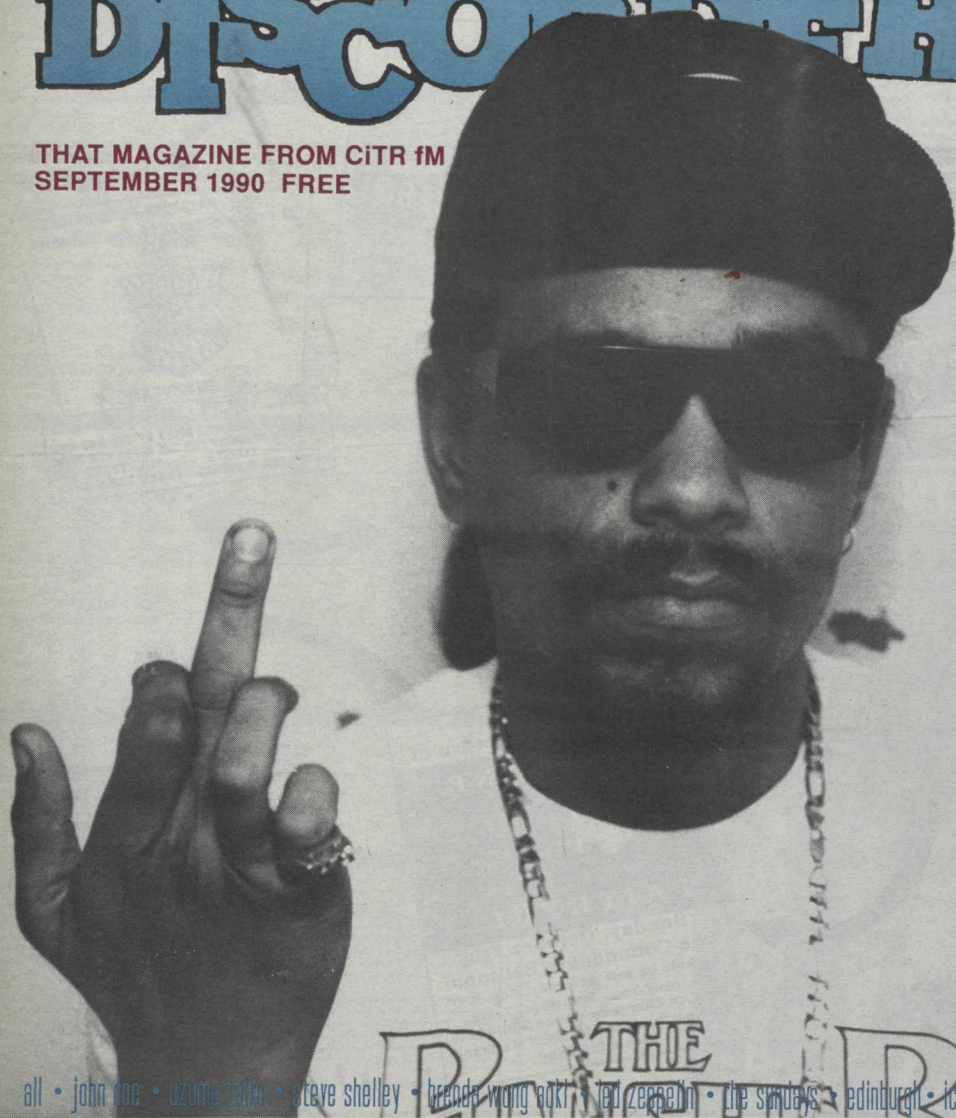


DISCORDER

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SEPTEMBER 1990 FREE



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CHANGE OF HEART

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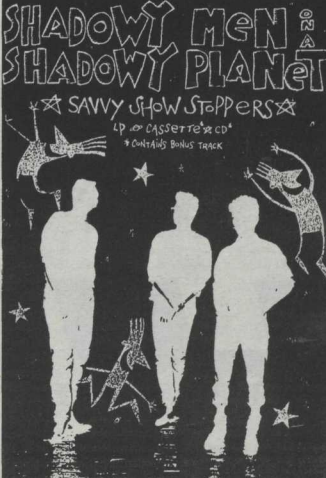
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UNDERSTAND?

Dear Airhead,

A little note to Zoe Anastasia: Read here and have knowledge, babe. The Mission is a damn jokey band, and including them with true hipsters Bauhaus, The Cure et al and that whole gloomy scene... Well why not include Josie and the Pussycats to your list? The Mission are about as Goth as Loverboy is speedmetal. You're pretty young, right? Next time, when jumping someone else's train, at least try to catch the caboose.

Yours
in nothingness,
Negative Man



Negative Man...are you that superhero that's so smart your head hurts? Well, thanks for sharing.

DJ SOUND WAR CHAPTER ONE

is Vancouver's first full-fledged rap and dance music competition happening September 7th and 8th at SUB Ballroom, UBC. This event is your opportunity to check out the best and newest local talents in hip-hop, house and reggae dancehall music.

Following in the great traditions of Jamaican and New York DJ and MC battles, DJ Sound War is unique in that it features a variety of different musical styles coming together in an all-out sound clash. Fueled by the intense energy of Vancouver's budding young dance music scene, DJ Sound War will provide the potential for unique and exciting new sonic adventures in the increasingly rhythm-conscious world of the 1990s.

Entrants may compete in any of four categories: DJ, MC, Dancers and Groups (or "Crews"). The DJ, MC and Dancer competitions are scheduled for Friday, September 7th and Groups are scheduled to compete on Saturday, September 8th. All ages welcome. Admission \$5 at the door. The deadline for entries is August 31st, so if you're thinking of entering, call CYTR at 228-3017 now!

DJ Sound War Chapter One also features a panel of distinguished local judges including: Michael Shea (Graceland/Infinite Beat), George Barrett (CITR/Barrett Electronic's), George Maniatis (Netwerk), David "Love" Jones, Chris Wong (Georgia Straight), Stan Strong (EQ), Vanessa Richards (Bolero Lava), Earl the Pearl and Don Chow (CITR/Home Taping International).

Rules for Dancers

- * Dancers may compete individually or in teams.
- * Dancers will supply a music track of a maximum length of five minutes on cassette or record.
- * Dancers will be judged on technique, timing, originality, presentation and audience response.

Rules for MCs

- * MCs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared.
- * Contestants may use any rhythm or backing track they wish in the first round.
- * In successive rounds, MCs will be required to perform to rhythm tracks of 60-90 seconds in duration as decided by the judges. Each MC will have a choice of hip-hop, house or reggae style backing tracks in each round.
- * MCs will be judged on delivery, lyrical content, originality and audience response.

Rules for DJs

- * DJs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared.
- * DJs will perform in rounds of 90 seconds to 3 minutes in length as decided by the judges.
- * DJs may use turntables, tapes and other sound sources but must provide a list of equipment to be used which will be approved or revised by the judges as they see fit.
- * DJs will be judged on technique, timing, originality and audience response.

Rules for Groups

- * Group entries may comprise any combination of the other three categories.
- * Groups will perform one set of 10 to 15 minutes in duration.
- * Groups will be judged on performance, originality and audience response.

NOTE: Rules are subject to minor changes pending final approval by the judging staff.

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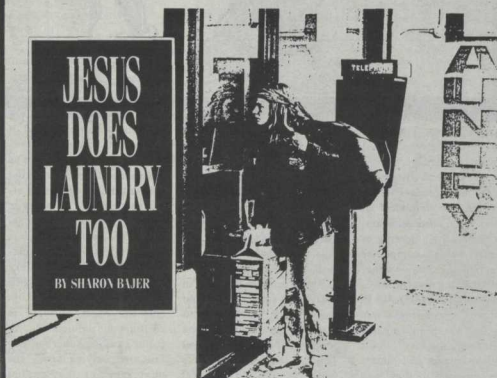
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"SON, WE NEED TO TALK!"

By the Man Sherbet



In recent years, "concerned parent" groups have cropped up, intent on silencing music's raunchier players. Bickering between the defenders of morality and the defenders of expression ensued and continues unabated. Bowing to pressure, record companies began policing their own material, attaching warning labels to product lest the odd W.A.S.P. or 2 Live Crew consumer was expecting a walk in the park.

But why the fuss? Foul-mouthed singers and blatant lyrics come and go; they're as old as music itself. Nasty material has never gained a foothold within mainstream "classic rock" tastes anyway.

Or so we thought.

Discorder's staff turned a critical ear towards the classic rock lyrics. Our findings were disconcerting. The truest paean of decadence and turmoil was 6 DISORDER

the grand old man of rock songs, Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven." After our research and well-reasoned speculation as to the song's meaning, we reached the conclusion that there is need for concern, if not moral outrage, over what is being sung to us.

As has been the case in every such survey of its kind since 1972, "Stairway to Heaven" was the number one song of C-FOX FM's annual Top 500. In Seattle, KISW's twice as good Top 1000 countdown rarely surprises because Zep beats 'em all there, too. Clearly, a lot of people think this is a damned important song. When word broke that we'd be tampering with "Stairway," revering fans fired angry letters and threats to Discorder.

Our magazine would never

condone censorship, but it cannot turn a blind eye to corruption. Just how many of us have been pushed off our truer course through repetition after repetition of Zep's tour de force entered our consciousness? The effect could be subtle and harmless: a twelve-year-old hears "Stairway," thinks "Wow! what a song!", then nicks a candy bar from a shop. But the other extreme is chilling: one moment a roomful of swaying suburban Zep fans are "partying down," the next moment they're out "wilding" at a nearby mall.

It's time for Jello Biafra and other advocates of free speech to get off their high horses. Everyone should stop shouting and just listen. Consider the effect "Hey, hey, Mama/Said the way you move, etc." might have if you hear it enough times. And who hasn't?

It's too late for many of us, but let's respect posterity. Padlock your vinyl collection if need be. Kids should be started slowly with, say, Neil Sedaka records, with elders explaining what it all means. So like with the facts of life. So when they finally hear, for instance, "The Lemon Song," they can say, "I'm hip, this stuff is naughty."

Pre-schoolers deserve the same attention. They might not understand, "Don't play my Marvin Gaye records, Sweetie." But try those "Mr. Yuck" decals you slap on bleach bottles under the sink. For young kids, Mr. Yuck means "Don't Touch!" Be assured, they'll stay clear of any Slade or Billy Idol LP you've left lying around.

- the Man Sherbet.
II. "I'LL BUSTLE YOUR HEDGEROW, MISTER!"

Finally, the definitive explanation of rock's definitive bombast.

Led Zeppelin were a helluva band. Truly. The concerts they put on in their early days reportedly left audiences weakened. Not only did they do super-charged renditions of their own material, they tossed in thunderous rock'n'blues boogies to round out their sets. Tour after tour, even night after night, they came up with a new plan to thrill concert-goers. Stadium shows today are all calculated overkill. Zep shows by comparison were stripped down and sinewy. Zep were just four underweight English lads, badly in need of dental work: Robert "Percy" Plant, John Paul "Jonesy" Jones, John "Bonzo" Bonham, and James Patrick "Jimmy" Page. They turned up the temperature of music. A lot of white kids got

hooked.

It was said, "Led turned into gold." Behind the glorious image, however, lifestyles slowly went awry. The money flow let band members indulge themselves. Record and tour profits paid for a lot of vintage autos and open bar whoop-em-ups. The most conspicuous purchase of all was a castle in Lelawce-an-bryn, Wales. Reportedly, guitarist Jimmy Page paid cash for his royal abode.

The castle and the surrounding county, a supply of Zeppelin groupies, and a team of apprentice carpenters provided the ambience in which Robert Plant penned "Stairway to Heaven" in the spring of 1971. It was a time of confusion and introspection for the young crooner, not helped by the giggles of girls, and the whacking of hammers.

FOOTNOTES

1. Erma Rees-Gwynn, a Welsh divorcee intent on starting her own carpentry contracting business. She was recommended (some say as a joke) by the castle's previous owner, actor Richard Harris, who fled to the Bahamas to avoid the taxman.

3. This means "building" a stairway to heaven, or, more likely, buying the materials for the stairway. Erma was contracted to build a three storey high deck in back of Page's castle. The plans were for a second-floor landing, and steps leading up from the back vegetable patch. Plant once described Lelawce-an-bryn as "heaven." The staircase when completed would be a stairway to view heaven if you climbed up it, or going down, a stairway to carrots and peas.

5. In order to secure the landing at the second floor, Erma's crew had to enter Jimmy's so-called "Guitar Room." The sign on the wall said "Keep the Fuck Out - Everyone!" These words don't have two meanings, do they? Well, Erma let herself in anyway. Only two double-necked Gibsons out of Page's reputed collection of 75 guitars could be found in the room. This was his Occult Room, full of red satin furnishings and things with horns on them.

6. Reportedly, Jimmy was out on his property, singing in his favourite tree, when he saw Erma's helper hanging out of the Guitar Room's window. His berserk ranting ("misgiven thoughts") could be heard in the next county.

9. It's likely Plant spend as much time wondering about things as it took for him to write this line.

11. The "May-Queen" was Maytag's laundromat-sized washer/dryer combo ordered in to handle hotel-sized loads of laundry being done at Page's castle. Jimmy was promised a money-back warranty on the set if he wasn't satisfied. The "two paths" were whether to keep or return them. The warranty gave him time to change the road he was on, you see.

13. Jonesy was going back to London and asked Plant to come along.

15. Jonesy and Plant hit the road in John Paul's Stutz Bearcat. By coincidence, they came across Erma waving a flashlight, trying to hitch out of Lelawce-an-bryn County. After the sundeck fiasco she gave up on carpentry, and was leaving for a cousin's residence in King's Cross. "Everything still turns to gold," she promised, boasting ten thousand pounds profit on the Page job alone.

Jimmy Page now resides alone in his castle. He remains in there save when he's coaxed out for satellite-transmitted Zep reunions, or Death Wish movie

soundtracks. John Bonham died in 1980 after an alcohol binge at Page's castle. John Paul Jones has tried to get Lulu's career off the ground

for the last ten years. Nobody, not even Lulu herself, seems to be interested. Robert Plant has become one of the elder statesmen of rock, although

*There's a lady (1) who's sure all that
glitters is gold (2).
And she's buying a stairway to
heaven (3).
And when she gets there she knows
if the stores are closed.
With a word (4) she can get what
she came for.*

*There's a sign on the wall
but she wants to be sure.
Cause you know sometimes words
have two meanings (5).
In a tree by the brook there's a
songbird who sings sometimes (6).
All of our thoughts are misgiven.*

*There's a feeling I get when I look
to the west.
And my spirit is crying for leaving.
In my thoughts I have seen rings of
smoke through the trees (7).
And the voices of those who stand
looking.*

*And it's whispered that soon if we
all
call the tune.
Then the piper will lead us to
reason.
And a new day will dawn for those
who stand long (8).
And the forests will echo with
laughter.*

*And it makes me wonder (9).
If there's a bustle in your hedgerow
don't be alarmed now (10).
It's just a spring clean for the May-
Queen.
Yes there are two paths you can go
by.
But in the long run.
There's still time to change the road
you're on (11).*

*Your head is humming and it won't
go - in case you don't know (12).
The piper's calling you to join him
(13).
Dear lady can you hear the wind
blow.
And did you know
your stairway lies on the whispering
wind (14).*

*And as we wind on down the road.
Our shadows taller than our soul.
There walks a lady we all know.
Who shines white light and wants to
show.
How everything still turns gold (15).
And if you listen very hard
the tune will come to you at last.
When all are one and one is all (16).
To be a rock and not to roll (17).*

*And she's buying a stairway to
heaven (18).*

2. This is a bit of Plant's irony. In other words, if it didn't glitter, it probably wasn't worth much. Erma and her assistants reportedly broke and scratched a lot of valuables carrying lumber through the residence.

4. "Foreclosure." The small Welsh town in the district had only one hardware store and the owner was on a picnic with his family. Erma complained to Jimmy about not being able to get screw nails. So Jimmy called a couple of local aldermen he had in his back pocket in order to get the damn store open. The store owner soon received the politicians' threats and cut short his picnic.

7. West of Page's property, beyond a neighbour's forest grove, there was a coal-burning power plant. Apparently the tons of sulphur-rich deposits pouring from its stacks disheartened Plant. One day Percy got pretty infuriated, and schemed that they should all protest until the plant was shut down. Why not get all the girls, the other lads, and large-fisted manager Peter Grant out blocking their gate? "Great idea," one of the girls responded, "but how are we going to keep the stereo going, or even have hot baths without power?" This comment silenced Plant's protest.

8. Jonesy was the true all-round musician of the group. Before Led Zeppelin the bassist/keyboardist extraordinaire wrote and arranged some of Lulu's best work, including "To Sir with Love." Whilst at Page's castle he tried to form a little choir he wanted to call the Zepettes. Singing careers could've meant a "new day" for the girls, but none could carry a tune. The neighbours watched as they rehearsed in vain, hence the laughter echoing in the forest.

10. It's said a lot of clothes were found in strange places after their infamous Victorian dress-up parties.

12. This was one of the worst hangovers Plant ever had.

14. Actually, your stairway, and the whole damn sundeck lay on the ground. A spring torrent ripped through Great Britain that year and destroyed Erma's shoddy work.

16. A sarcastic bit of advice from Percy to the Zepettes: just keep practicing, girls.

17. Plant decided to be a rock, if not a lump of clay, and stay home with his wife and family until the next tour.

18. Last heard from, Erma was in the Bahamas. "And she's buying a ticket to Nassau."

nobody asked him to take the job. He's the most successful beneficiary of retro-Zeppelin hysteria. And as long as he keeps Phil Collins off any fu-

ture recordings, Plant will continue to be popular and rich.

*** the Man Sherbet is cur-

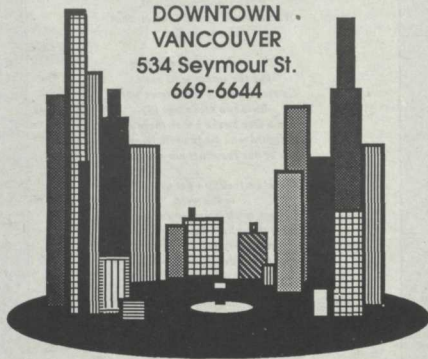
rently deciphering "classic rock" lyrics for a conservative thinktank. He is also preparing a supplementary back-masking guide.

SEPTEMBER 1990 7

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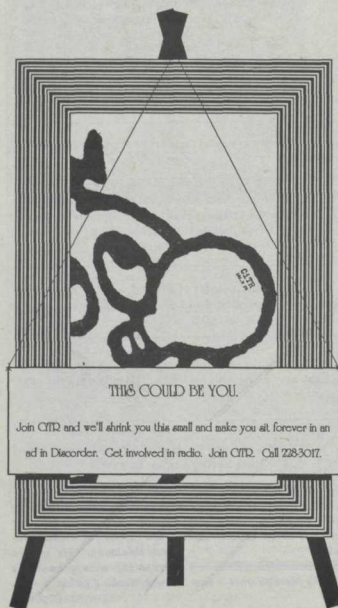
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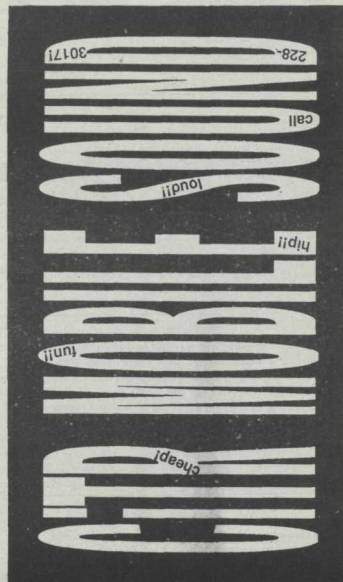
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The Sundays are nice people, who've made a nice record and recently put on a nice show. They began when David Gavurin and Harriet Wheeler were attending university in the Nice English Town of Bristol. ("English Lit," says she and makes a face. "Spanish and French" says he, seemingly less embarrassed by his postsecondary choices.) "We were writing songs with my four track recorder and our friends said [it sounded] pretty good. I usually start with a bit of something, a guitar lick, or a drum part and then build it up from there. Once that's finished I play it for Harriet and she comes up with a melody... with a little help from me. Then we say wait, something's missing and we write the lyrics."

"Yeah, we are always happy with the completed songs, the ones with something wrong just don't get finished," adds Wheeler. They then snagged a bass player and drummer (Paul Brindley and Patrick Hannan) to back up Gavurin's guitar and Wheeler's vocals and journeyed up to London.

I should add here that these two live together and (I'm guessing) are married. Throughout the interview David continually played with his wedding (?) ring. Pulled it off one finger, tried it on another, placed it back on the first finger, pulled it off again and so on throughout the in-

terview. Harriet was the picture of low key British charm, sitting on the couch next to David, legs tucked under her, with her hennaed hair up in a loose bun. He did most of the talking. "We had this vague sort of plan to play a few shows and then try to... well, it was a vague plan." The plan was overrun by events. "Our first show was reviewed by the music papers and after that the record labels came looking for us. They'd ask if we had a tape, and all we had was this hissy four track," recalls David, the ring at this point appearing on the end of his thumb. "It's all you really need. It lets the A&R people think they're discovering something," adds Harriet.

So they spent a lot of 1988 negotiating with record companies and then recording the debut album, "reading, writing and arithmetic" (available in North America from the friendly folks at David Geffen Records, owned by the nicely wealthy David Geffen). Those of you who've never played in a band and then attempted to get someone to pay for your album i.e. get a record contract, no matter how small, can't possibly imagine how unlikely this would be in Vancouver. I can't remember the last time a local band got signed after playing one gig in, say, Toronto. Not to discourage those of you in bands, but groovy things like this don't happen in a country with too much go-

graphy and too few people. Anyway, The Sundays are still talking and David's ring is still shifting position.

"The 'studio' is a very sterile place," notes David.

"And we prefer working in the back room of our flat; it's dark and damp," continued Harriet.

"But the roof collapsed the day before we left to go on tour," both at the same time.

"I hope it's not an omen," said he.

"The Natural Disaster Tour '90?" suggests Harriet.

Uhm...So the studio is a sterile place?

"Oh well, I don't want to make it sound like it was completely unpleasant," said he, the ring back on its original finger. "It's just that our four track tapes had a quality that we liked. We recorded Harriet's vocals through this mike a friend of mine stole years ago and then we ran it through the echo pedal for my guitar."

"Once we got in the studio we couldn't get the same feel," said she. "It was all just too dry and clean."

"We tried using the set up from the four track but it just didn't work either," continued he. "We ended up using a tape delay for the vocals, which is a kind of old fashioned effect." Gavurin recalls similar adjustments being made throughout the recording. "So after you spend hours

and hours getting the sound you had unintentionally recorded back on the four track, you just don't feel like playing anymore. So it's quite hard to get the sound you want with a good performance." By comparison, they are ecstatic about the album's cover. "It was a case of meeting a deadline in the studio. Sort of, they want it now? Oh Shit!" said she in her very proper accent. "We took the photo of the fossils," adds he. "We did it ourselves; it just went together. Very satisfying compared to the recording." He's probably overstating the case here.

The album is a collection of beautifully understated pop songs featuring Wheeler's fragile voice and Gavurin's chorused pseudo-jangly guitar. Obvious comparisons would be to a sober Sugarcubes or a less orchestrated New Bohemians. When it arrived late last year we cynical music fans out here at CTR quickly labeled the record as nice but forgettable and placed it (metaphorically) with previous Brit non-starters (in North America) like Aztec Camera, Beautiful South, Lilac Time, Pale Fountains etc. etc. (I tried to interest people in it by claiming it was "face ripping metal, faster than Megadeth, scarier than Venom and better than Motorhead." It didn't work). Commercial radio stations still don't play it and even Much Music (which actually plays a reasonable variety of

stuff in between New Kids and Janet Jackson videos) hasn't shown much interest.

Meanwhile, people who actually have to pay to own records or go see bands play live, decided they liked The Sundays. In "Industry" talk, the release is a sleeper. This quiet, nice little English band has placed itself in the bottom half of Rolling Stone's chart and had reviews which claim they'd be the best band in England if The Cure would just break up. Locally, people ask what it is when they hear it, some stores can't keep it in stock, and their mid week show at the Town Pump late last month was more than sold out.

Live, The Sundays are an extension of themselves on record. Casual, relaxed and captivating. They wander up on to the stage, plug in and begin. Gavurin and Wheeler, still dressed in the clothes they wore that afternoon, lead the band through the set, covering most of the material on the record. The audience stands and lets it wash over them. Well, except for the soon-to-be passionate couple in front of me who were yelling sweet nothings into each others ears. ("I think you're the strongest boyfriend I've ever had!" said the girl to the boy.) And then there was this other guy who kept yelling "Harriet!" despite the fact that David's wedding (?) ring was clearly visible. Still, it was all kinda nice.



The Sundays
by Patrick Carroll

CiTR
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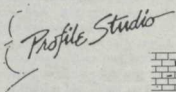
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STEVE SHELLEY RESPONDS TO A VOICE

Imagine one early evening in August. Steve Shelley is sitting at a table in a darkened hall on the tourist trap strip in Sacramento, California, sipping a Coke while Thurston Moore, Lee Renaldo and Kim Gordon twang away during sound check. Steve is taking a break from beating the drums for a while, preferring to sit and watch the action. Sonic Youth are almost through their North American tour in support of "Goo," their seventh album since Sonic Youth's birth in 1981; their first one since having signed with David Geffen Company in the fall of 1989. Imagine a bearded man comes over to Steve's table and says something to him. Steve sighs, gets up suddenly and goes to a phone. Imagine, after a minute of clicking and silence, the following takes place.

Voice: How do you respond to Thurston Moore's assertions that Sonic Youth "just outgrew each record company" and that an upward major label change was necessary?

Steve: Well, all of those labels that we were on were really into. We were very supportive of them. We were really glad to be on those labels, but there came a time when we outgrew them. Blast First was our label for quite a few years in Europe and also for "Daydream Nation" in the United States along side of Enigma. We worked with all those labels and grew. There just came a point when the label just couldn't keep the records in the stores. We'd be on tour and kids would come up to us and say, "Where can I buy your record?" People couldn't keep it in print and they had a hard time paying us when they did sell the records. And so that brought us to the point of being on Geffen and I don't know what will happen from there. The records are in the stores. We're having a hard time keeping the vinyl available, but we're working on it. People have been writing us and going, like, "I can't believe it, but I found your record in a shopping mall or whatever. I'm so psyched." So far it seems to be good in that respect.

Voice: How do you respond to charges that Sonic Youth has sold out even though/in spite of the fact that Geffen A&R man Gary Gersh had stipulated that the band would retain full creative control?

Steve: Well, that's a good question: "How do you respond?" I don't know. It's obvious that we haven't sold out. We're doing whatever we feel like

doing. That's always been behind the band. Just to go and do what we want. And selling out, I don't know, it seems to project a feeling of having lost your original motives and vision and whatever. That's not the case at all. We're doing exactly what we want. We haven't sold out and we're responsible to anyone except ourselves. People can say whatever they want but that doesn't affect how you feel.

Voice: How do you respond to people who ask how long can Sonic Youth exist?

Steve: I don't know. I really don't know.

Voice: How has the current American censorship lobby affected Sonic Youth?

Steve: Thurston drew the "Smash the PMRC" logo that's on "Goo." We're musicians, and the PMRC has affected other musicians. We tend to take that personally because say, by today's standards, if we wanted to put out our old single "Flower Hollow" on Geffen Records and put it in the K-Mart and everything, the PMRC would be down on it. But that's not the record we're releasing today. It's like we want the freedom to whatever we want, which we've always had. And the PMRC is supporting some sort of false morality. It's not even a real morality; they're just covering up things that look nasty.

Voice: What about the National Endowment of the Arts and their stipulation that artists sign documents proclaiming loyalty to the politic?

Steve: (laughs) It's pretty frightening. It's comical. I guess it's going to make some people act up a little, which maybe isn't all that bad. It's been good for the art world in a creative way because the art world is getting pissed off, and they're doing something about it. It's a farce. I don't know what to say. It's too funny.

I don't know how people can protest. It depends on how you

want to get involved. You can write Jesse Helms and let him know how you feel about these things. I really don't know what you can do that's going to make the most difference. You can vote for the people who are supporting the arts and who are supporting freedom. You can get rid of people who are not supporting whatever the personal freedoms you're into. And even by that, how far can you get by voting? It's limited.

Voice: Public Enemy's Chuck D contributed some material to "Kool Thing." Do you have anything new and different on the topic of Chuck D, "Kool Thing," and "Goo"?

Steve: On the whole "Goo" thing? Well, I don't think I have anything new to say about Chuck. You've

busy people. We're getting pretty busy. It's hard to cross paths. We were working at the same studio and it was a meeting point for both of us. I think we are much more aware of their music than they are of ours. It's sort of a one-sided thing. But the same people can enjoy both musics.

Voice: What would be Sonic Youth's best opening band? What band arrangements exist on the current tour?

Steve: It would be hard to pick out a best opening band. We've had a million opening bands. We always pick them all. Right away we start with bands we like. Bands that we are playing with now, hmmm. On the east coast, we're playing with Bewitched and STP. Bewitched are a New York band fronted by Bob Bert

who used to drum for Sonic Youth, and STP are an all-gar band from New York. Julie, who used to play in Pussy Galore, is in STP. Right now we're playing with Nirvana on the west coast. Coming up, we're going to Europe and we're going to be playing with These Immortal Souls which has Rowland Howard from The Birthday Party in the band, and Epic Soundtracks from Swell Maps and Crime and the City Solutionists in the band.

We're going to be playing with Babes in Toyland who are from Minneapolis. And when we come back to the States in the fall, we're going to be playing with Redd Kross, Laughing Hyenas, Gumball - which is a New York band with a couple of the guys from B.A.L.L., Jesus Lizard, Zebedee - which is an ex-Dinosaur band with Lou from Dinosaur. We've played with a bunch of live bands. Dinosaur were one of the better ones.

Voice: How about bands that Sonic Youth have opened for?

Steve: Not too many bands, actually. We don't do too much opening. We have played on festivals before. In Europe, there are these festivals with ten bands in an afternoon. We played on a festival before Nick Cave

and the Bad Seeds and that was pretty fun. There's not too many people we'd open for. Maybe Neil Young.

Voice: Sonic Youth performed in Russia recently.

Steve: That's right. It was alright. We had this weird situation where we would play in these mini sport arenas or large theatres which were really great and beautiful which could have sounded really great but we had hardly any sound equipment at all, which was frustrating. The actual playing was the least satisfying part of the Soviet trip. The education and the travel was pretty great. The playing was pretty disappointing because we had expected to go over there and do what we do on a good night on any stage in the western world, but it just wasn't possible equipment-wise. So you're playing and the drum kit is falling apart and that sort of thing. The PA was really small and it was hard to get the vocals through.

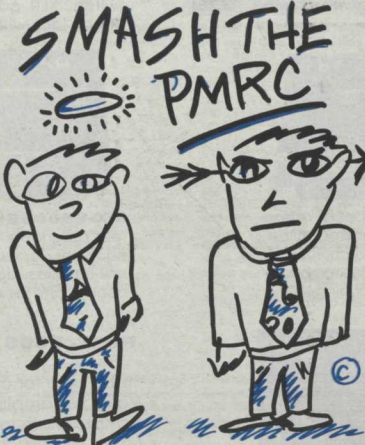
Voice: What is a damn good night for Sonic Youth?

Steve: A good night for Sonic Youth is hard to describe. The right energy; everybody who's playing feeling good and playing well and being able to hear and having an audience who's into it. Those are the best nights. And maybe just a little element of something going off a bit, something happening that you didn't expect. In LA, we had a great show in the Palladium.

Voice: Who is Suzanne Sasic? Why is she called "stylist"?

Steve: Stylist Suzanne Sasic is our lighting person. She's just a friend of ours, that's just there to be there. It doesn't really mean anything. She brought some of those clothes that we wore, but she's a friend of ours. She travels with us and does the lights and merchandise, but more than all that, she's a friend. Stylist was a fun way to put her down, to give her credit. That's all. That's all.

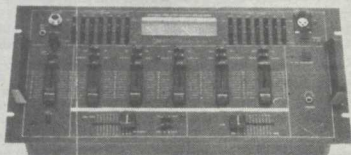
Now imagine both parties bid farewell. Steve puts the receiver down and goes and returns to his seat, his drink fifteen minutes warmer. Thurston, Kim and Lee are now waiting for Steve so they can continue the sound check. By the time he picks up his sticks and starts hitting the drums, he has already forgotten about the previous quarter hour. He's alone in that respect.



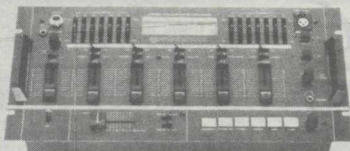
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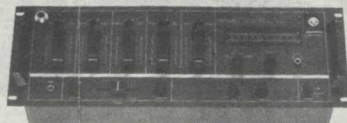
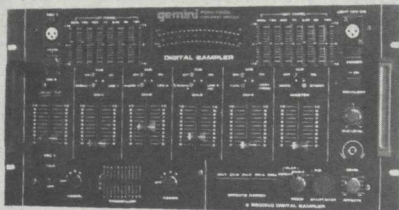
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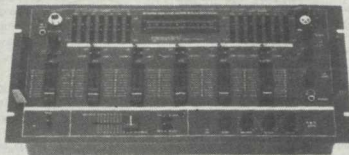
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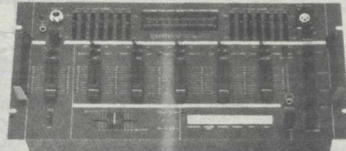
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They do weird and exciting things with genetics these days. Take the chromosomes of one species and mix it with those of another. You get half llama/half camels; half water buffalo/half Texas long horns. It happens with music too. John Doe, occasional lead singer and bassist for the seminal U.S. punk band, X, is a case in point. His voice has not changed from X's early albums, but these days you can find it superimposed over roots music.

Fronting his own band Doe came through Vancouver on August 9th. His band was truly an all-star-line-up, featuring Jon-Dee Graham of the True Believers and Richard Lloyd of Television. The two guitarists swapped complementary leads all night, laying down some of the best Texas boogie music I've heard since Calgary. Doe stuck to his own non-X material. On stage, he was down right prickly over references to his other famous band. Doe responded to a question from the audience about the whereabouts of his X-mate Exene Cervenka with, "Exene's in Idaho. If you want to go there you'll find her." Later, to another question he said, "What's my real name? John Litter, but I had to change it. No, actually it's Che Guevara."

I spoke with John Doe before the concert. The interview meandered over Doe's various careers: musician, poet, actor (Doe's had parts in "Great Balls of Fire," "Salvador," "Slamdance," "Roadhouse," as well as a cameo in Sandra Bernhard's "Without You I'm Nothing"). We ended up talking about current events. Doe likened the American military and its involvement in the Persian Gulf to a garage band. "I just think they're really happy that they got a gig. It's like a band that's been rehearsing for years and years and never got to play live."

The interview began with John Doe talking about clearing customs. Earlier in the afternoon Canadian customs had made a fuss about the band bringing a few T-shirts across the border. It reminded Doe of a crossing he made once when the boarder guards wanted to seize some of his movie collection.

Doe: I had a video tape called "The Honeycomb Killers" which is an old B-movie from the fifties and a Robert Mitchum movie about cowboys and rodeo called "The Lusty Men." They thought that this was a porno tape. I wouldn't let them take it. I said, "If you want to take this you're going to have to watch it and you're going to have to watch it now."

Discorder: Are you comfortable with answering questions about X? A lot of guys are interested in talking about things they were doing ten years ago.

Doe: I'm proud of what X did. People don't like talking about that because it seems to be old

Meet John Doe.

BY J. TEX HOHM.

news. They're looking forward. As you're touring behind one record you're already thinking about what the next one's going to be about or what you're going to do after you're finished with this tour.

Is it a matter of boredom too, because you've already been asked all these questions about...

Doe: Yes, but you try to figure out different aspects of the same question. Try to keep yourself interested by answering in different ways. Or just flat out lie.

What kind of questions do you get asked most often?

Doe: What was different about making this record than making an X record? Is X going to get back together? We never broke up. We see each other quite a bit when Exene is in town. X is on vacation - officially on vacation.

How did you go about assembling your band?

Doe: Kind of dumb luck, mixed with a bit of finagling here and there.

Did you know Richard Lloyd from before?

Doe: No.

How do you people meet?

Doe: Like anybody else. You just call them up. Say, "Hi, you don't know me but...", you know. Usually there are business people who call other business people first and they say, "I'm going to give Richard your number or vice versa. The odd thing was that Richard and I had never met before and that's peculiar since we travel in similar circles. Jon Doe Graham and I met about a year and a half ago and he and Tony Marsico, who I've known forever, since he was in the Cruzados, had been playing together for eight months before we started the record. We felt Richard would be a valuable addition, mostly 'cause of the difference in his style from Jon Doe's. Jeff Donovan is the drummer for Dwight Yoakam's group. Our producer, Davitt



photo Leonard Whadler

Sigerson, saw him doing another session and thought he would be just perfect.

How was it putting these musicians together? Do they work well together?

Doe: It seemed to become a band much faster than I hoped. I thought it was going to take a month or two in order for people to stay out of each other's way. It happened much faster. A week, maybe two weeks, and then we rehearsed the songs we were going to put on record for about a month. I'm a big fan of pre-production.

One take in the studio?

Doe: A few takes and if something isn't working move on to something else and come back to it to it remains fresh. You can over rehearse a record. It's exciting to make those discoveries when it's for real. I think some studio musicians would probably be best if they just played a song once and then recorded it on the second time. Some of those studio musicians are so good that they become bored the third time through a song. They're just playing a part by rote. But not these guys. [laughs] They have to work a bit hard. They're fast but they're not that fast.

You've got a song on the album by John Hiatt.

Doe: I was lucky enough to be involved with a session that never got released with John Hiatt. I was called in at the last minute to replace Nick Lowe playing bass. It was David Lindley and Dave Matlocks from Fairport Convention and myself and John Hiatt.

We went through a bunch of songs and one of them was "The Real One." I knew it was a great song the first time I heard it. And the rest is obvious.

Another situation where the phone just rang one day?

Doe: The producer runs a club in Los Angeles called McCaves. It's an acoustic venue and I've played there four or five times. He was familiar with X and called me up and asked me if I wanted to play on one or two songs. And then they realized that they were up the creek so they said, "Do you want to play on the whole deal?"

What's it like playing in Los Angeles these days?

Doe: Well, I don't live in Los Angeles anymore. I moved out closer to Bakersfield. I live out in the country now. Where I live is more California than Los Angeles or San Francisco. They're just big cities. It would be as if you were to judge all of Canada on Vancouver and Toronto and Montreal; took those three cities and said that's Canada.

What is your California like?

Doe: It's a high desert. A lot of pine trees. Very hard country. Elemental in a sort of Hemingwayesque way. Man against the elements. It's not pastoral. It's more like a Robert Johnson song than a Renoir painting.

You've been here a lot on the road. What do you know about Canada?

Doe: I don't try to judge or pretend to understand places that I'm

not a part of. Everytime I've been here it's been a real gas. I've got some friends that live here in Vancouver from other bands, D.O.A., Subhumans, Buck Cherry, all those guys. And girls.

X came through Calgary with D.O.A. a few years back.

Doe: Actually, the only clear image I have of Calgary and Edmonton is close to that of Texas because of the oil and cattle and ev-

erything. We had the good fortune, or misfortune, to go to Calgary for the first time during Stampede. As we pulled up to the hotel, one man chased another man out of a bar. The first guy jumped in his truck and the other guy jumped on the hood and broke the front windshield with his heel, then jumped down off as the first guy was rolling up his window. He put his first finger through the window and just dragged the other guy out. He was angry-boy he was mad. It was quite an eye opener to pull into town and that's the first thing you see. We figured, shit, these guys are serious.

What are you reading these days?

Doe: I just finished a Jim Harrison book called "Sun Dog." Harrison is a poet/novelist from I think he lives in Montana now. If you don't know about him you should find out 'cause he's really great. And I'm reading a biography about Phil Ochs who I've been a fan of and I've tried to read this book about three or four times but never got more than fifty pages into it. But now I'm almost halfway through so I'll finish that. And I always keep a little Charles Bukowski around, just for the simplicity he's able to conjure up.

Tell me about the Sandra Bernhard movie.

Doe: Actually I was the replacement for k.d. lang. Sandra and k.d. lang had done a duet of "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" and for one reason or another k.d. lang didn't want to, or was too busy, to be in the movie. They called me up and I said, "Sure, I think Sandra Bernhard is real funny." They filmed the whole deal in about ten days

and it was very fun.

The community you work from tends to be political in its outlook, which is good...

Doe: It's good depending on how much people understand and how seriously they take themselves, I think. There is nothing worse than someone who is standing on a soapbox and spouting off stuff that they aren't really that familiar with. When that happens it takes on a real hollow quality. The person is out for themselves and not for the cause and the cause is thereby lessened. I think it's up to people to try to find out as much information as they can, like any citizen should, and then do most of your work in your private life. Just saying to everyone, "I'm for this" doesn't do shit. It's like you're saying, "This is what I believe now you go act on it, you poems, you regular citizens," 'cause I am a star." That's complete B.S. That's wrong.

Your music, particularly "Meet John Doe," is very personal. A lot of it is about love and relationships. Meanwhile the people you hang out with seem to be more driven by the news, by fear and politics.

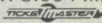
Doe: Well, reportage only goes so far. This is more the politics of personal matters, rather than the personal matters of politics. I don't think anything is going to be solved in a political vein until people learn how to get along. Understanding why we have difficulty with relationships or why it's hard to maintain a relationship is to me as important as feeding people. You've got to get along in order to work on something. I don't know. It's just the way the songs were coming out. Maybe the next record will differ but I don't see either being better or worse than the other. Whether a record or song is political or not seems almost secondary. It doesn't mean that you should be afraid of political issues, or politics, or discussing them. That, in the States anyway, is the biggest malaise people are afraid of politics. They're afraid of discussing them with their friends or anybody.

Why is that?

Doe: Because people get all heated, get all excited and angry. And then they think that's ending their friendship. Which is nonsense. I can't believe what they are doing up by Montreal with the Mohawks. I can't believe that they aren't trying to talk to these people in terms of why they're doing what they're doing. The report that I read in the newspaper, which was from Seattle, dealt in a phrase with what the reasons behind this thing were and the rest of the column dealt with what they're going to do about it and how many guns they had and how long they've held this position. And then it just said, "A golf course wants to take over some of their ancestral ground." Well, that seems to be pretty fucking important.

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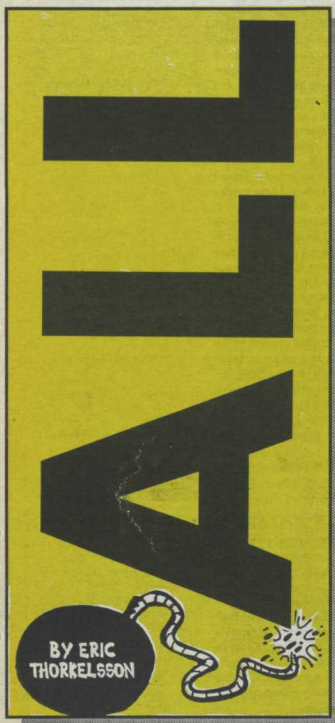
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Ailed as one of the premier "pop-core" bands of the post-punk era, All - Cruz recording artist and southern California wonderband, rambléd through Vancouver in July to play an all ages gig at the New York Theatre in support of their latest album, "Trailblazer." CITR's Flex Your Head crew, Eric and Jinx, managed to catch original drummer Bill Stevenson, and bassist Karl Alvarez (the guy who penned the Trailblazer album cover) before the band hit the stage. Guitarist Scott Reynolds and lung-man Stephan Egerton unfortunately weren't around for the fun talkfest. Maybe they were feeling too popular.

Bill Stevenson: When I was fifteen I started a band called The Descendents. This is what we have twelve years later. We changed our name to All about three years ago. We've been through the full line up

three times, all instruments, except we've only had one drummer: me. That's twelve years and here we are in 1990 doing an interview and it's great! (laughs) I was just thinking, just the reality of that like, "Why don't you quit?!"

Disorder: Twelve years is a long time....

BS: It's like when we play every time, every show is like the first show ever. I guess when it's not like that anymore, that's when we'll quit. People think if you play all the time you reach a point where you're good, but it just doesn't happen. You never get good! You have to be together so long. Even in eighty years I'd still be like, "We're no good."

D: From when you first started twelve years ago, what are the things you miss? What's different? What's changed? What do you miss about those days?

BS: That's a good question! I

like that!

Karl Alvarez: What's changed is: every band has its own deal. You'd go to a show and every band played a different music. I'm not talking about clothes, I'm not talking about fashion, every band sounded different. Now if you go to your average punk rock, rock 'n' roll show, the bands generally sound similar or identical in a lot of cases. There's now a given set of flavours of the punk rock or rock 'n' roll thing that people adhere to religiously, whereas ten years ago there wasn't.

BS: I can relate to that question on a personal level. When we started, it was me and these two guys, Frank and Tony, who went to my high school. We'd go down on the weekends and practice in Long Beach in Frank's brother's garage. We all had a common thing of being socially unaccepted, sort of like nerds. I think the band was this way of having our little club like "Little Rascals." We had our little gang, so ever if no one liked us, at least we knew we liked each other.

D: You get the prestige of being in a band...

BS: But we couldn't get any shows. We started getting shows six years after, after we quit playing and I went with Black Flat for three years. When I came back then we were able to get some shows. No one ever liked us; hardly anyone still does. We play in these little bars! There's no prestige! Now instead of it being the only alternative like "I have to have a band because I'm a failure in life." Now I think it's gotten sort of an artistic seriousness that is good and bad. There's heavy art at stake, feelings and expressiveness, whereas before it was, "Well I'm in high school and no one will talk to me. I have to be in a band." That's how it's different for me. I just do it for fun, I don't have to do it for anything. We enjoy playing.

D: Now you're Bill Stevenson the Great!

BS: Uh uh!!! I just play for fun and if no one likes me I don't really care! When you're in high school you've got to be a cool guy; you've got to be popular. Once you get rid of high school and college you don't have to be cool at all. You don't care if the whole

world hates you.

DA: As long as you've got your family and your two friends you're set. Stephan and I were high school rejects when we were kids. I've known him since we were twelve. We went through junior high and high school being the outside people. It really gives you a chip on your shoulder.

BS: They [Karl and Stephan] had this whole other culture that got put into this culture (the ALL culture!). All of the guys that I'm talking about in high school—they're not in the band anymore. They haven't been in the band since 1983. Karl and Stephan joined at the same time. They grew up together. Milo went to our high school. He joined the group later after we started. He quit a few years back. He and I went back a real long time too. He's still probably by dearest friend.

D: Is Milo going to do any other bands?

BS: He just does his science. He's really not interested in music.

KA: Once in a blue moon he'll write a song and sit in his closet and play it. Or he'll come to one of our shows and play it to us in our van on our vanbeater. Then he'll go back to science.

BS: He has a pretty cool song that we recorded on our new album that's about his dad. I don't think you could ever lose a love for music, but he's more interested in science and I can understand that. I think science is the bottom line, period.

KA: To ruin Bill's metaphor, it's one of the highest things you can do because you're using your brain to get to the nature of how things are rather than how they seem.

BS: Or how they should be. "Cancer cells will behave in this manner." No matter how much you care about something, "This is how cancer works and this is how leukemia works." This is the facts.

KA: There's something really cool about that. Also, we tour eight months of the year, it's very hard on people. If you have any interests that aren't playing music, it's really hard. That's why we've gone through so many people. Dave Smalley, who was singing for us for awhile, quit. As far as I

know, that's why Doug and Ray are out of the picture.

BS: Doug and Ray were the bass and guitar players before Karl and Stephan. They left because they didn't want to do the touring thing.

D: You guys are on the road pretty much all the time. How do you stay healthy?

KA: By eating: trying to eat real food instead of road food. And sweating our balls off every night.

BS: Sometimes it gets the better of me. Some tours I go out and by the end of the tour I've put on ten to twenty pounds. Sometimes it can be really difficult. It's something I have a problem with. On tour you're dealing with a lot of ridiculous time schedules. The other day we drove through the Rockies from Calgary to Victoria. Two consecutive nights of playing shows. You can't go and cook yourself a big vegetarian dinner. It's like

Denny's or something. Sometimes I have a real problem keeping my shit together on tour. Nutrition-wise I really don't do it too well.

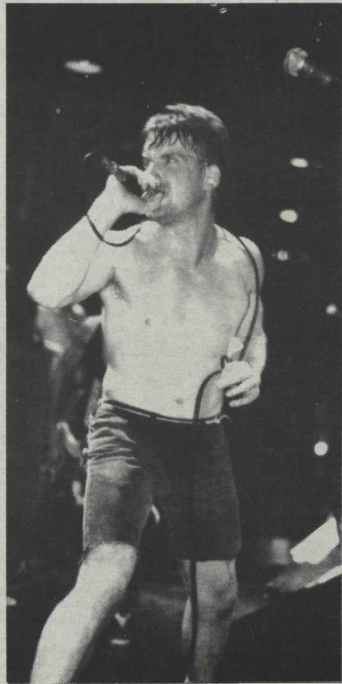
KA: At this point, we're so used to it. Tours are like working with clay. If you put it in the kiln it either breaks the piece you have or it makes it really tough. There are those who are broken and there are those who can continue doing it.

BS: We tour eight months of the year, record two months of the year, and sleep two months of the year. We really don't ever stop.

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photo Andre Neal



The recent Vancouver Folk Festival presented a noticeable contingent of artists and musicians of Asian descent from Canada, the United States, and Britain who as members of western culture have begun to look at their identity and heritage in the light of both growing global cultural awareness as well as the rising exposure of the west to societies in China, South-East Asia, and the Pacific Rim. These artists included Brenda Wong Aoki, a storyteller from California, and Su-Chong Lim, a singer from Alberta who not only sings about the lives of South-East Asians overseas and as immigrants, but also performs prairie country ballads and Ukrainian folk songs (in Ukrainian). Also present were Phurba Tsering and Thubten Samdup, two Tibetanese musicians working in Montreal, Xiao Yu, a "pipa" player from Vancouver, and locally acclaimed musicians Takeo Yamashiro and Teresa Ohnishi. On the more eccentric side, the playful antics of the Japanese female electropop duo from Britain, Frank Chickens, were a refreshing break from normality.

However, it was the energetic musical and theatrical presence of Vancouver's young, professional Japanese drumming group, Uzume Taiko, which received the best audience response. The ensemble of unfamiliar drums and percussion instruments combined with the three core members' stunning choreography and physical playing style easily transfixed the crowd, especially those who had never witnessed this kind of music before. Even more surprising to many was the perfectly "normal" North American accents and mannerisms of the performers when they addressed the audience outside of their cultural presentations.

Discorder was able to talk with Leslie Komori, one of the three full-time members of Uzume Taiko, about the group's music and the recent efforts of Asian-Canadians and Asian-Americans to explore and forge contemporary identities based upon their cultural heritage as well as the western culture they are a part of.

Discorder: Could you tell us about Uzume Taiko's members and when the group was formed?

Komori: Uzume Taiko was formed in 1988 by John Greenaway, Eileen Kage and myself. The group varies in size with other guest artists but the three of us are the only ones performing as full-time professionals.

D: Tell us about Japanese drumming and the kind of traditional music you work with.

K: Taiko means "big drum" and is a part of Japanese folk artistry which comes from the farming and fishing communities of Japan. The drums were used in battle to encourage troops to go to war and so on. In the past thirty years it has become more of an ensemble instrument played on

stage...music as opposed to ritual. In North America, it has been here for about thirty years, originally brought over by Tanaka, who set up taiko workshops, including Katari Taiko, where we all learned to play. **D:** Are the other instruments and drums you use traditional?

K: Generally they are. Some we make ourselves while others are made in California and Japan.

D: But you've always used these traditional Japanese instruments and musical styles to explore your own compositions.

K: Yeah. Most of our pieces are our own compositions. We actually do very few traditional pieces. On our album, only "Spring on Heavenly Mountain" is a traditional taiko piece. **D:** Tell us about your new album, "Chirashi." How did it come about?

K: About a year ago we were approached by Gary Cristall [Folk Festival director] to do a concert at the V.E.C.C. with Takeo Yamashiro and Xiao Yu. He liked what he heard and offered to produce an album, which is just what we wanted.

D: The album features not only traditional instruments but non-traditional ones as well, such as a bass and a saxophone. Why did you use these?

K: All three of us are Japanese-Canadians and our musical tastes are rooted in Canadian and American styles. We incorporate what we hear around us. Eileen wanted to use a bass and I wanted to incorporate a saxophone because they are instruments we hear around us all the time.

D: Many people are fascinated by your stage presence and your choreography. How do you plan the movements and how long does it take to learn each piece more or less?

summer we'll go on a tour of Europe. **D:** Are other taiko groups forming in North America? Is there a growing awareness of these types of traditional musical forms in the youth of communities of Asian heritage?

K: Oh yeah! There are groups starting up all over Canada, such as in Ottawa and Edmonton, as well as in the States. The communities are embracing the music.

D: Is this growth reflected in Japan? **K:** I really don't know. I have a sense that it might not be. In Japan it is different. Over there you have schools of [traditional] art and music which sort of suppress any creativity. They keep the music so traditional that it makes it unappealing after a point to always play just what someone else has taught you. In North America it is great that you have more freedom and are not controlled so much by the schools. There is a group in Japan called Koto who are probably the premier taiko group in the world, but otherwise there are just village taiko groups or schools. I don't know if there are taiko groups like us over there.

D: Thank you for talking to us and good luck in the future.

K: Thank you.

Discorder would like to thank the Vancouver Folk Festival people for the interview opportunities they provided us. In all, wonderful performances by artists such as Zimbabwe's Machanik Manyeruke, Bulgaria's Ivo Papasov and his Bulgarian Wedding Band, Uganda's Samite, bagpipe toting Kathryn Tickell, and Morocco's sintir player Hassan Hakmoun proved that global culture has not totally consumed ethnic



Uzume Taiko
Peter Sickert and James Boldt

K: A lot of our choreography is improvised. Basically you have a base rhythm and sound which you build upon and develop the music around. It's a collaborative effort.

D: What have you planned for the future?

K: We don't have anymore recordings planned yet, but hopefully next

music throughout the world. And as evidenced by local groups such as the Andean music ensemble, Ancient Cultures, and the Asian-Canadian groups discussed above, people in Vancouver and all across Canada are looking to their heritage as a means of giving themselves a sense of identity with a view to the future.

Brenda Wong Aoki is an avant garde solo performer, actress and story teller from California. She performed at this year's Folk Festival, enthralling audiences with performance pieces that tell stories drawn from her own life and the Asian-American community as a whole.

The Browns (Peter and James) took time out from the non-stop musical smorgasbord to talk to Brenda Wong about her art and found that the tradition of story telling is alive and well.

Discorder: How did you get interested in telling stories?

BWA: Well, I was the eldest of six kids. I had to put them to bed every night so one way you could do that was to tell them stories. Also, I was a pretty dorky kid and I was really fat and I had asthma so I couldn't play. As a kid it was really important to play games and things, so nobody liked me. So, I liked to read books all the time, and what I liked to read best was story books. I have always been fascinated by stories. Also, I am a professional actress and I have all the union cards in the United States, but there isn't always that much work for a minority actress, and when I was in and out of roles I would always continue to do solo performances to keep what we call "chops" up. Eventually, I am getting more and more calls just to do solo performances, and that is kind of how it happened. It actually happened more easily than one would think. I went through so much "angst" as an actress, but becoming a story teller was so easy, I think, because it finally fell into place for me.

D: It's funny, as a child you say you felt a bit of an outcast. Where did you gain your confidence for getting up in front of an audience and telling stories of your life?

BWA: It's a front (*laughs*). I think so for real. I really don't have that confidence. I think a lot of performers are actually really insecure people. It's like this big challenge to get up on stage...to be able to do that. I still have incredible stage fright. I am always thinking, "Oh, why?...they don't really want me...do they want me?" and all that stuff. You still go through it a lot, I still don't have complete confidence about going in front of people.

D: Are adult audiences as receptive to story tellers as the children?

BWA: No, I think that's more of a presenter's problem. The presenter is the person who is marketing the artist. If people know they're coming to hear adult stories then they have that expectation already; they know what they are getting into.

I come from a background in the "avant garde" theatre. As a soloist I was not billed as a story teller as such; I was billed as a solo performance artist. So, at least in the San Francisco area, if people would

come to see me they would already think, "Well, Brenda is a performance artist." It is just recently, in the past couple of years, that people have called me a story teller. I have been doing the same solo monologue-movement stuff for fifteen years, but now in the last two, three years people label me as a story teller.

D: Your characters are always overcoming problems, problems even as great as death. And it seems to have that poignancy. It seems as if a relief

of your performances?

BWA: Well, my background was mostly in dance and Japanese classical theatre, Noh and Kyogen. In that training, my coach would always say to me, "When in doubt don't move." I think that is really key, because I think what I try really hard to do is very specific. If there is a purpose for moving then move; if there is no purpose then stand still. One of my other philosophies is that if you can say it with movement cut the words,



or a happiness exists there too. Is this a conscious thing?

BWA: I try to do that. I have to give a lot of credit to, this is the time you say "Hi Mom" and everything (*laughs*), my director. I have a director, who works on most of my adult stuff. His name is J.L. Wiseman. He's fairly well known in the States for working with the Delarte Theatre Company and Vaudeville Nouveau; they are performance groups. He's also my co-writer.

I think every story that I take, whether I make it up myself or whether it is an existing story, I have to rewrite it for my own personal style from my own interpretation. I think that is what is most important; to figure out the angle of your interpretation, how you are going to interpret it.

I don't know if you saw me do the MsStory (workshop). Well, that particular story is an ancient Japanese legend. The way the legend goes, at least currently, is this poor suffering monk who is wanting to attain nirvana and this "dirty woman" who is always in his face. It's never from the perspective of her conditioning or whatever. I wanted to reinterpret it from a different angle. That is what is the most fun. The most important thing is to give it your own perspective.

D: When you tell stories you do not only rely on your voice but also on very carefully choreographed movements and a few carefully selected props. Is that always an integral part

of if you can say it with a look, or even say it with silence. Words are almost the weakest part of a performance, so if I can get away without words I try to do that.

D: Any parting thoughts?

BWA: I just want to say that I'm really happy to be in Canada, because first of all it's such a different experience from the first time I came to Vancouver. I was in Vancouver right after the Vietnam war was over and I was one of the anti-war protesters who had been invited to Vancouver by members of the Viet Cong to celebrate the ending of the war. Many people in Vancouver were not exactly pleased that all these radicals from the United States were meeting with the Viet Cong. Our bus was getting stoned and people were throwing things into the church we were staying in. It was pretty scary. This has been so much nicer, but that was one thing I remember. The second thing I wanted to say is that I'm really excited about all the different Japanese-Canadian artists that I have met, like Uzume Taiko. I read this book by this wonderful story teller named Paul Yee. I would really like to meet him, so I thought I would like to put that into the "Hi Mom" series, too. And my good friend Rick Shiomi is from here. He is a wonderful playwright. I thought I'd say something to my fellow Japanese-Canadians. I really appreciate being in your country and I thank you for having me here.

D: Great, thanks very much.

BWA: Yes, thank you.

Brenda Wong Aoki
James Boldt and Peter Sickert

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at the Cruel Elephant. Yes, brothers and sisters, cool as fuck indeed (Amen). The Cruel Elephant has been open for over a month now for worship and enlightenment. Blessed be the brave souls that have crossed the threshold into the new reality that is the Cruel Elephant. Thank you brothers and sisters for making the world's coolest jukebox more than just an idea but a reality for freedom of choice (Amen). Ever-willing to offer an opinion, Jello Biafra had this to say about the ever-changing jukebox, "Oh, I think it's great, but freedom of choice can sometimes confuse the public" (damned forever be the PMRC. Amen). Worship continues 7 days per week 5:50 - 12 midnight. Live intense worship has expanded (the People have spoken and been heard) to 4 nights per week. This is not for the weak of heart or those fickle in taste but for the strong willed and true of conscience (Amen). A free mystery meal or 2 dollars off the menu with paid admission and cheap beverages - there is no reason not to worship, going to a show later. Just bring your full ticket down and show at the door, and you're in for free. What more do you fucking want?

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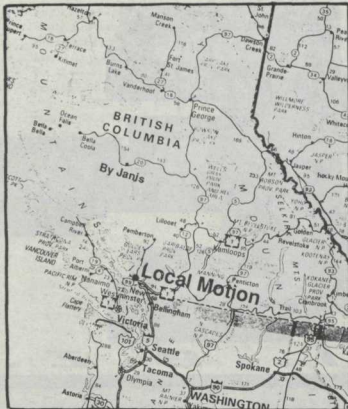
Freshly back from a West Coast tour backed by Dirt, Curious George is off to open for the UK Subs for a month or so on the East Coast, now without Ian and Iain (singer and guitarist respectively) and with a new singer, formerly of Route 666. And Dirt has made a line-up change too, losing their lead singer-guitarist, who'll be replaced (on vocals, anyway) by the former bass player, "Diamond" Doug Smith. And the Ludwigs have two pieces of news—they have a new guitarist and seven new songs, recorded at Profile, that, added to their previously recorded three, they hope to have pressed soon as an LP.

Here are this month's tape reviews:

Glee—"Vancouver." Glee take no chances here on losing their reputation as one of this city's most obnoxious bands. First, there's the cover photo of the five members holding up letters (which look as if they're made of chunks of wood) to spell C-U-N-T. Naughty, naughty. Then of course there's the song itself. The lyrics of this quasi-lounge-polka-municipal anthem mention strip bars and murdered prostitutes and include snippets like this: "You you you, you elate me/You you you, you gyrate me/You

you you, you fellate me." Maybe I have no sense of humor, or then again, maybe you have to be a white male adolescent to fully appreciate this. (I think these boys are just trying too hard.) At any rate, Glee is bound to make changes of one kind or another in the near future, since the bass player and the one female band member, Nettie, who played accordion, have since left.

Darkling Thrushes—"Hall of Souls." Their promotional copy, while not riddled with spelling mistakes (like so many press releases bands send us), does make one serious error, revealing the Thrushes' influences as The Cure and R.E.M. After all, the average listener could probably get through almost half a song before figuring that out for his or her self, and now, fortunately for all but serious fans of this sort of slick slop, there's no need to bother. While I understand that a Kelowna group may not have a chance to listen to much on the "alternative" front beyond these two bands, the Darkling Thrushes would do well to make that little bit of extra effort needed to acquire more music heroes and give themselves a more original sound. Still, you have to admire them for winning a Battle



of the Bands competition in the Interior without playing slick, hard rock.

The Hollowheads—"Interesting Shoes." Every now and again I become quite charmed by a lo-fi and unpretentious little tape from a young, almost unheard of band, and this is one of them. Is it the fact that these boys are just out of high school (well, at least one of them)? Is it that they've only played four or five times (most re-

cently at the Archimedes Club, when a careless promoter neglected to tell them their show had been cancelled, so they showed up with their gear anyway and played for free)? Or maybe it's just the utter sincerity here: the singer catches his breath between lines, clean chunky guitar, sweet organ runs and unapologetically fart bass. Gradually, this song has really grown on me, and I'm happy to say that soon we'll

have more. The Hollowheads have just recorded six new songs at 525 Studios in New Westminster, where Oversoul 7 recorded their first LP.

Rap Rat—"Do the Rat Thang." Who are these people, and what exactly are they trying to do? (And how do you manage to start an original band in Crescent Beach, of all places?) And who really cares? This is actually quite funny, rude and authentic sounding and quite danceable, emphasised with the occasional "Rat on, rat on." A guilty pleasure.

The Mint 100—"Summer of Discontent," "Mister Inbetween." Fronted by singer/songwriter Sam Salmon, The Mint 100 sounds like a new project that hasn't quite found itself yet. "Summer of Discontent" is the catchier of the two, with the vocals almost sounding like laid-back Iggy, and Sam takes his lyrics seriously (one line in this song about acquisitiveness says, "My toys are expensive/DNA is free"). "Mister Inbetween" could use some hooks and the addition of the unintelligible TV-sounding voice in the long break doesn't add a lot. Unfortunately what this tape lacks in fidelity (it sounds like a muddy 4-track) is not made up for in freshness or power,

but this is a common symptom of new bands made up of experienced musicians, and one that ought to clear itself up in time.

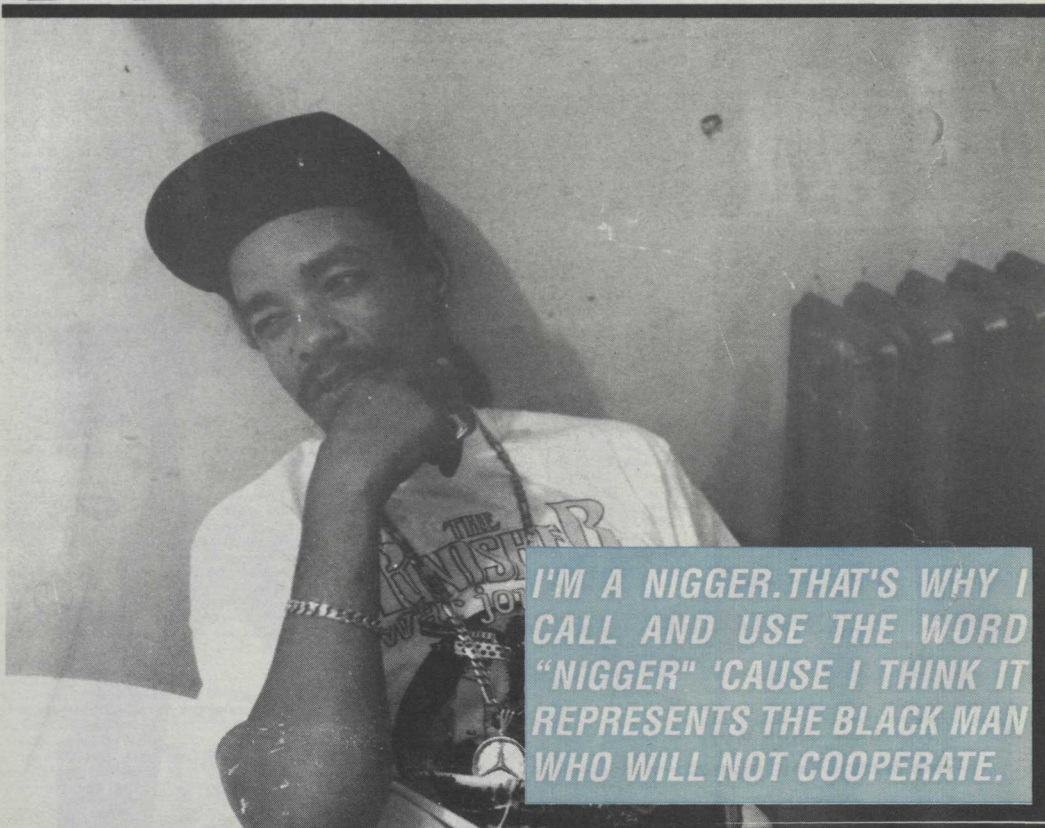
Jazzman Devils—Happy Hour 17-song cassette: "One Scotch, One Bourbon, One Beer," "X-Ray Cat." I suspect that at seventeen songs this tape (available in stores) is a mere sampling of the JDs' repertoire—this band must know an amazing number of songs. And this cassette is a pretty good mix, with at least eight "Goodman"-style playing instruments and four different lead singers (the two women, Vanessa Richards and Madeleine Morris, not appearing in the two playlisted songs). What's especially impressive is that the whole thing was recorded live to two-track DAT, with no overdubs, at Blue Wave Studios in only three days. (Which means it's remarkable that the mix is so good, and the performances, on the whole, sound so assured.) "One Scotch" is a simple little tune, with the familiar theme of my-baby-done-me-wrong-so-I'm-drinking-lots, while "X-Ray Cat" is a subject matter is weirder: an irradiated kitty. Quite a successful tape, although of course not really comparable to seeing a band like this live.



**Now More Than Ever
Glee Means Confidence**

ICE-T

BY D.J. B.Z. JAM



I'M A NIGGER. THAT'S WHY I
CALL AND USE THE WORD
"NIGGER" 'CAUSE I THINK IT
REPRESENTS THE BLACK MAN
WHO WILL NOT COOPERATE.

It was a Wednesday early afternoon. The soaps on TV were pathetic. I was gearing down to take a nap...
Ring ring.

"Hello. Hi BZ, Ice is havin' a soundcheck at the Commodore from 4 to 6. Head down there and I'll tell Greg (the photographer) to meet you down there."

"Thanks, Linda." Linda is the station manager.

I get up and check in at the Commodore around 4:20. Greg is already there. Ice and Donald D check the mics and levels by bustin some freestyle. Donald gets tired and sits down. I talk to Donald about chatin' with CTR he says no prob. After the chat with Donald D, we find out that Ice is being interviewed already. We are waiting outside the room he's in, hoping he wouldn't be tired or hungry. Ice walks out of the room. He looks tired, and hungry.

"Ice, would you like a chat?"

"Sure, why not?" he says with a weak smile.

Oh thank you lord, oh thank you, I thought to myself.

DISCORDER: How many interviews have you done in your life?

ICE T: Ummm... damn. I've been doin' one continuous interview for the past four years.

D: What's the most asked question Ice T gets.

I: I don't know... ummm... they ask lots of gang stuff. In Britain, they asked the sexism stuff.

D: Overall impressions of Canada...

I: Canada is cool. A lot of people, you know, in the States, don't even know Canada exists, you know, but we came up here. We were really well received up here, we go platinum up here. To me, a fan is a fan, I don't care. You know, you don't have to sell as many records up here to get platinum here.

D: 'Cause I'm sure the money down in the States is way better than Canada right?

I: Well, you know to go platinum up here you sell one hun-

dred thousand versus one million records in the United States. Well, then to do one hundred thousand records if you can do that, you pretty much got all the people. It's a lot of records up here. Like I'm sayin', it doesn't really matter where you're at. I like it up here; people are cool. You know, there's places in the United States I don't like touring, like down south, places like Louisiana and Mississippi.

D: Why is that?

I: 'Cause, you know, that's the core where all the racial tension was. You ask them, well, show me around town. They take you and show you the whipping posts and slave quarters. The people down there, they've been treatin' black people a certain way for about 300 years. So here all of a sudden we come and we got white kids with their fists in the air. We aren't really warmly received. The fans are great but the people running the places down there, you know, we get chased out of there all the time.

D: What kind of problems did you have at the border? I heard armour that the Tipper Gore of Canada were tryin' to get you banned.

I: (chuckles) Well, I don't know; you know, since I'm on the radio and this ain't at the show, nahh, we just said that to create some hype. Usually when we hit the stage, we might say somethin' like the police had us hemmed up outside the car. To be honest, the cops haven't messed with us up here; no problems. But when we get to the show the kids wanna hear that Ice was undergoing some drama so when I get there tonight the cops had me outside, they beat me down, but I'm here. Then they'll go crazy. So it's hype; on the real tip, no problems up here.

D: How would you describe (PMRC head and Senator Al Gore's wife) Tipper Gore for someone who doesn't know who she is?

I: She's just a politician's wife in the United States who's really on a campaign to stop certain forms of music. She claims she does it for the kids but she's on a totally different agenda. She's backed by what they call fundamentalist Christians. They are the people down that have those TV evangelist shows. I mean, I'm all for anybody's religion but

the problem with fundamentalist Christians is basically they believe that if you don't believe in what they believe, then you're going to be arrested or you're going to hell.

If you look back in time all the torture chambers and things were all built by fundamentalist nuns. Whips and iron maidens and devices of torture. So religion can be taken to an extreme where it's much worse than no religion at all you know.

We don't worry about her. She's on a mission where she's sayin' rock lyrics and rap lyrics are messin' up kids' minds but that's not the real problem. The real problem is once again we've come to a musical form where white kids are liking black kids again. Back when Little Richard and Chuck Berry started, they had a thing called rock 'n' roll and all the white girls screamed for Little Richard. There were people that said that this is not healthy, let's put in this guy named Elvis, let's put in Jerry Lee Lewis. Here we go, 20, 30 years later there's this new thing called rap. Now you got white kids. Now the thing of it is not the white kids listening to the lyrics 'cause most of the parents don't understand the lyrics anyhow. It's the fact that the kid likes Ice T, he likes Donald D, he likes NWA, and this is breaking down a lot of the stereotypes that have been built up. "If you talk to a black guy he's gonna beat you up; he hates you because you're white; he doesn't like you," which is bull.

They're tryin' to stop it again, so what they do is they say we're tryin' to protect these kids from these lyrics, which is bull too. Now here's the problem: a lot of the white kids in Mid-America are bred to be the next governor, senator, the next supreme court justice and all of a sudden at a law school like Harvard, you got an Ice T album as the top record of the school. So you got a supreme court justice sittin' on the bench and he's an NWA fan; it could really twist the whole way of thinking of the world, so we have to stop this. Now say it and you wanted to end Toyota, sayin' we didn't like Toyota cars for some reason. Let's see how we'll put them out of business. Let's say more kids are killed in Toyotas 'cause we can get people to rally behind children. So that's what they're doin'. But there's never been one documented case of a kid listening to a rap album and committing a crime or a kid

listening to a 2 Live Crew album and rapin' somebody.

You know, they're tryin' to push their Judas Priest suicide. I was sittin' up here at the Suicidal Tendencies show last night and rockin' with Exodus and the kids were slamin' and they were divin' and they were gettin' off. Nobody got hurt; everybody had fun. But if you bring Tipper in there, she would say that was devil worshipping and they were doin' all kinds of things.

What I really hope is that the white kids of the 90's are smart enough to tell their parents to get fucked when their parents come with them; and they say, "Hey, that's Ice T. Mom, chill out. I'm not going on with all that bullshit that you bein' trying to preach to me; that's why the world is all messed up now, you know."

Black kids have a reason to be upset. Indians got a reason to be upset. But I don't really think that white kids of today are on that trip. My attitude is that you could put a black kid, white kid, Mexican kid, oriental kid, Puerto Rican kid in a sand box and they'll all play 'til they're 50 years old 'til somebody comes and tells them different. That's what the parents do; parents are the worst enemies.

D: What would you say to somethin' like, "Is it okay for white kids to listen to the music if Chuck D makes it for black youth?"

I: Definitely. But Chuck's agenda is to get black youth to have respect about themselves. See, if I don't have respect about myself then I can only feel jealous of a white kid. If I don't realise that I was a king and King Tut was black, Jesus was black, we built the pyramids, Cleopatra was not white, it's geographically impossible; if I realise I'm somethin'; if I realise diamond and gold comes from my country; you know the things that people hold so precious to them is African; now I have respect and no longer do I have to look at you like you've got everything. I realise I'm somethin'.

The problem is in school. Schools teach racism: you go to school, a white kid graduates outta school and he learns that he's the father of our country and he learns everything. He learns that the black kids are the slave, oriental kids are the enemy, and Mexican kids are the alamo. What is a Puerto Rican, you don't know. The black kid

cannot help but feel inferior and the white kid feels superior. It's not his fault, he was taught it. The white kid needs to learn about black kids' culture with respect added to it. You need to learn that Indians were chiefs. And I look at you as an equal. We both realise that we have somethin' to be proud of and it ain't taught like that.

So Chuck says let's get the black people together. Chuck definitely is not a racist. Chuck is just basically sayin', "You said you was going to give us 40 acres and a mule." You now, c'mon, that's what you said. So we're gonna work it out; brothers gonna work it out.

I was out on tour with Chuck D. I's like 80% white audience, you know. The white kids are ready to end this shit. Reagan says I wanna take it back to the good ol' days. Tell me what the good ol' days were; what's the good ol' days for a brother? I mean, what does the flag mean to me? The flag was flyin' when my brothers and sisters were in bondage. What about Thanksgiving? I should give a fuck about Thanksgiving when the Thanksgiving means to me the day they jacked the Indians for the country and started bringin my ancestors over here at the bottom of the boat? What do I do? I sit up and eat turkey and give a fuck about Thanksgiving and then I go out and work my fingers to the bone and I try to buy my kid a ten-speed bike.

On Christmas I give my credit to the white man in a beard. You know, fuck Santa Claus. You know, I'm Santa Claus; it's all devil's food cake, angel's food cake. It's all a big program to keep someone in charge, not y'all, but the older ones. To me, American government is a bunch of theivin' lowlife, just the worst criminals. They just took everything from everybody and then they said we gotta make a way to stay in power.

D: Is someone like KRS-One being overly concerned about Africa, forgetting his own backyard?

I: His new album [Edutainment] is more home. Everybody has their own thing, you know. Chuck's focus is very global, my focus is very urban. Kris might be a little Afrocentric, Ice Cube might be attempt to be more militant urban.

D: So everyone has a differ-

ent way...

I: Right. We're all spokes on a wheel and we all meet at the same place. Also, you're dealin' with a lot of different IQs. And you're dealin' with rappers who've been rappin' for four years and have learned a lot in these four years. You're startin' out with a rapper like me who had never been out of LA so I go around the world and I get smarter every year.

D: Knowledge.

I: Yeah, so what you heard on my first album is a little deeper then it's deeper and deeper; you know, growin' up.

D: You were at the New Music Seminar and gave a little speech. What was that all about?

I: Pretty much what I just broke down to you, tellin' people don't go with what you think it is. I think that the music community has to join forces for the censorship thing. But the music community is so divided, you know. Those people who claim they're not for censorship have somethin' they want censored. It's like the gay people all are like, "We are against censorship but we don't like this record."

You know, everybody has their thing they want censored. I listen to Screw-driver, which are very hardcore skinheads, Nazi mean. I don't agree with them but if I'm for anti-censorship, they got to have their right to make those records. I can't say, "Well you shouldn't censor things but that record shouldn't be allowed to be made." Ya, c'mon, I have to fight for the right for the KKK to march 'cause I wanna march. Now once they march and someone wants to kick their ass that's their business. But it cannot be illegal for certain people to do things.

See, like I said, free speech is a concept not a reality. No one has free speech or ever did. You cannot say anything you want on the radio or in your paper; you got an editor.

No one has free speech. TV's nothin' anymore. There's a point where you cross the line and they say, hey, go out on the street; just tryin' to say anything - fuck everybody, fuck the world, fuck the government. Start fuckin' with the government and they'll get with you. What's up free speech? Why don't you come back here for a sec? You might go missin'. When people say they're takin' away our right,

† † † † † †

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- 4) X-Clan • Funkin' Lesson
- 5) Frightwig • AMX-89
- 6) Morrissey • November Spawned a Monster
- 7) Jesus Jones • Song 13
- 8) Happy Mondays • Hallelujah (In Out Mix)
- 9) Nine Inch Nails • Kinda I Want To
- 10) Fini Tribe • Animal Farm

DARREN REITER'S HEAVYS

- 1) Thrill Kill Cult • A Daisy Chain 4 Satan
- 2) Happy Mondays • Step On
- 3) The Mission • Butterfly On a Wheel
- 4) Jane's Addiction • Stop
- 5) Pixies • Velouria
- 6) Sinead O'Connor • Emperor's New Clothes
- 7) Hilt • Stoneman
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- 9) Ministry • Burning Inside
- 10) Mark Stewart • Hysteria

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- 2) Consolidated • Dysfunctional Relationship
- 3) Happy Mondays • Rave On (Club Mix)
- 4) The Afros • Feel It (Instrumental)
- 5) Mahlatini and the Mahotella Queens • Kazet
- 6) MC 900 Ft. Jesus & DJ Zero • Truth is Out of Style
- 7) Nine Inch Nails • Down In It
- 8) Depeche Mode • Policy of Truth
- 9) Boogie Down Productions • Love's Gonna Getcha
- 10) The Timelords • Doctorin' the Tardis

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A "Discussion" at the Casuarina Panel at the New Music Seminar:

Victoria Starr (music critic for *Outreach Magazine*): People like Chuck D and Ice T are proclaiming to want to change the world and challenge the social order and mainstream society and all the insidious concepts that are out there. I really struggle with them and say man you aren't challenging shit when you're talking about women and when you're talking about lesbians and gays.

Ice T: I learn. I learn. You gotta remember this. When I first made my first album, I was off the street but by the next time I learned. I used to do things in my concerts but somebody came up to me and said that was wrong. I said say, you know that like "everybody's who's say be quiet." I used to say "everybody with AIDS be quiet" which was wrong, right? Someone came up to me and said, "Ice, that's wrong, you shouldn't say that because that's not right, that's a serious disease." I took it out of my show. Ain't nobody sayin' that Ice knows everything in the world. I can learn, build with me. Teach me a little bit about something. I'm ready to build. All a rapper can say is what he knows at the time. Maybe Radio Two got these attitudes about gay people, maybe they have to learn. But at the same time, some people are never gonna change their attitudes about certain things but that's just how it is. But you gotta be willing to know, you gotta build. That's all.

Ad Rose said a word "nigger." Damn, a lot of people have called me "nigger" and then gone out for dinner with me or signed a contract with me. I happened to have met Al Rose. I'm gonna do a song with Al Rose. "Welcome to the Jungle," Ice T style. He made a mistake. He had never met somebody with a gold chain. Let's cool in the gang zone.

Vernon Reid: I tell you one thing. Hate the word "nigger." I never use it. I'll tell you something. I'll tell you about the day I stopped using the word "faggot." There was this musician in my neighborhood where I grew up in, the best musician in the neighborhood. The guy played saxophone, he played guitar, played the trumpet much better than—I don't know anyone who could play the guitar as good as he plays, or he played—he played the piano. When he played the piano he sounded like Art Tatum or some shit you know. So we all looked up to this guy, his name was Arthur Ray who I looked up to, and all the musicians looked up to him, all the musicians in the neighborhood used to go and see his concerts out in Brooklyn at Prospect Park and was infatuated. At that time I was a teenager and I was very insecure about homosexual males and often referred to them as "faggots". And then, that came to my attention that Arthur had come out of the closet, he had come out of the closet and was gay. This was someone who I totally look up to and all the musicians I

they were just fucked into believin' they had a right. (sarcastic laughter)

D: KRS One boycotted the New Music Seminar because he felt that the rap competition, Battle for World Supremacy was a farce; that all Executive Director Tom Silverman was offering to the winners was championship belts; that he was pocketing all the money and not helping young black rappers to move up.

I: That's KRS One's opinion. The Seminar for me was the first place that really gave rappers a forum to meet and exchange tapes. I found a group, Lord Finesse. You know, you know. I mean, of course the rappers have always had to take the good with the bad, and that's KRS One's opinion. And he came a right to boycott it. I have my problems with the Seminar but I didn't boycott it 'cause I go there every year and support it for the simple fact that it's the only seminar that has any form of rap involvement with it. Maybe there are a lot of bad things about it, you know. My attitude is this: when I deal with people I gotta think for myself.

If everybody told me like the one time in the summer this guy from Living Color (Vernon Reid) telling me I shouldn't use the word "nigger." I say YOU shouldn't use the word "nigger." Mentally, I have no problem with it 'cause I know what I'm doin' when I use it. I'm callin' myself to the people who call me a "nigger." I'm sorry. Yeah, I'm a nigger, okay. I'm a nigger with an attitude. I'm a nigger with ten million dollars in a bank. I'm a nigger with a Rolex and gun, so fuck you. I'm a nigger. That's why I call and use the word "nigger" 'cause I think it represents the black man who will not cooperate.

D: Ice has done three albums; produced every rap album in the world it seems like. He's just recently starred in a movie with Judd Nelson. What was that experience like?

I: It's cool. Judd is cool. It's called "New Jack City." I was playing a cop, imagine that. It was cool, but you know, I'm pursuin' an actin' career. I'm doin' a lot of new stuff. I'm doin' a film with Mel Gibson. I'm doin' some action on the TV. I might be on the show *Wise Guy* [*Wise Guy* has been cancelled]. They want me to play a doctor in this other TV show.

D: That was my next question. Will we be seeing more of Ice in the entertainment business?

I: Yeah, but not as a rapper. I'm refusin' any roles to do with rap. I mean, I'm lookin' at like Cher; and I'll get an Academy Award. You know, I don't wanna get so strung up on my image as a rapper so when I'm in a movie I gotta wear my hats like Run DMC or somethin' stupid. I'm not Ice T in a movie, I'm a character. We'll see if I do good in it but, hey man, shoot, these opportunities only come along once in a while. Everybody looked at TV and wanted to act.



So what am I supposed to do? Get so strung up on Ice T that I don't wanna do that no more? Of course I wanna do that. I wanna play in Ghostbusters, fuck it.

D: But does that mean the end of Ice T's rap career?

I: Nah, nah.

D: Can we expect a fourth, a fifth...

I: Of course. You're gonna expect a hundred albums from me but when I'm on the stage, I'm Ice T the rapper, you know. When I'm actin', I'm Ice T the actor. When I'm cookin' dinner, I'm Ice T the cook. I don't cook and sing "Colors." I cook and I put on a hat and stuff and sing "O Sole Mio."

D: What about fellow Rhyme Syndicate member Donald D's album "Notorious"?

I: Good album; his next album will be better. He's on my label. He moved from Epic. We got Hijack from Britain comin' out on Warner

Bros. We have Divine Styler; he's comin' out on Giant Records which is Irving Azoff's new label. Donald is comin' out on Sire 'cause Epic wasn't giving us the right juice we needed. But watch out for his new album.

D: Low Profile...

I: Low Profile: a priority first album, good. DJ Alladin's the best DJ in the world. You'll see that tonight everybody's just in there. My object was to get everybody's feet in the door. They gonna hit. They're too talented not to, you know. A lot of people like all the

Ruthless' groups came and they hit big. Okay cool; I'm more into the longevity game. I think my groups have to be able to make records for ten years once all the frosting's blown off. You know, I stormed across the stage in "Colors" and portrayed one gang member; NWA portrays five. All right, so now we know where gang membership is. What's next? Can we do the same thing over and over? After awhile kids are so used to it we gotta take them to another level so I'm just down with my crew. You know, Ice Cube is now a member of the Syndicate. We're doin' a lot of Lench Mob acts.

D: Everlast...

I: You know, he's in there. I think Everlast took many different directions with this album but the kid can rap. Being a rapper is one thing but doing an album is a whole other game and I don't produce. I'm an executive producer; I oversee the groups but we buy and rent and hook-up with other producers. But I make sure this rapper does what he wants to do. None of them sound like Ice T.

D: Donald D was sayin' he's got the freedom to do what he likes.

I: And if he flops, he flops, not me; not because Ice T told him to do something. I just say just do what you like man. Make sure you like your records. I told him not to make a letter he'll never send. He made it anyway. He had some brood in the studio rubbin' his dick. He thought that it was the best shit. That's the worst shit and now he's, like, I shouldn't have made that love song. I think he'll listen to me.

know that was playin' worshiped this guy. And all of a sudden, something had come up to fuck up with my belief system. I realized that someone I really loved and cared about was gay. There was a change in my whole shit because Arthur today was no faggot. When he put the tenor saxophones in his mouth, when he strapped the guitar on, he was no faggot. He was the best musician I had ever heard and probably ever will. So that started to change my attitude about that and I started to think about the names we call people. Just last year, while I was on the Stones tour, I found out that Arthur had AIDS. When we had a break in the tour, I went to see him at the hospital and he weighed about 95 pounds when I saw him. I went back on the tour and right when the tour was about to end, I found out that Arthur had passed away. For me to listen to people go on and talk about "God bless AIDS" and "faggot this" and "faggot that" I can't even deal with this shit anymore. I can't deal with it. And I feel the same way about the word "nigger." "Nigger" is not something that black people invented to call themselves and that's it for me. I go up to Harlem all the time, you know, I was at the shopping mall once and I heard two little kids talkin' to each other, a kid five years old talkin' to a kid maybe eight, and the little kid goes "hey nigger this" and "hey nigger that" and I just had to go and say "where'd you get that?" I know a lot of intelligent brothers sayin' "nigger this" and "nigger that," man you know what it means. I say to them, when you look at Malcolm X, Martin Luther King or Nelson Mandela, do you see a "nigger"? Then why are you?

Ice T: This is my attitude on the whole subject. I'm a nigger alright, let me tell you why I'm a nigger. Straight up. If you can't get to this, then that's your business. But this is why I am. Due to the fact that white people in America today don't consider me a nigger is similar to the fact that someone who's fat knows they're fat. They say "yo I'm fat." That dilutes the thing. They're gonna call me a nigger regardless what I call myself so therefore I say okay, I'm a nigger now, let I'm a nigger with an attitude, a nigger with a gun. So therefore I do not really care, I fulfill the word "nigger." I guess I'm a nigger because I'm not going to go along with it.

Nona Hendryx: You don't have to identify with the oppressor as the oppressed.

Ice T: It's a state of mind, you know what I'm saying. Malcolm X is the eyes of them who are a nigger.

Nona Hendryx: There is no oppression without consent.

Ice T: I understand that I use the word "nigger" the way I use it. It's my dialect, the way I use it. I do not use it that attitude. I'm using it as the enemy of the people who call me a nigger and I want to identify as that.

Nona Hendryx: But they don't know that.

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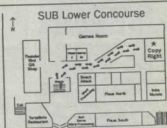
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**Some Loves
Something or Other
(White Label)**

Regular Discorder readers might remember a review I did a few years back of a band who unfortunately have since broken up. The Stems were an excellent pop band from Australia. They released a dozen or so singles and an LP, but alas, the band members went their separate ways about two years ago.

Lead singer and guitarist Dom Mariani has gotten things back together with some new compadres as The Some Loves. The group carries on where The Stems left off. With help from producer extraordinaire and Let's Active main man Mitch Easter, The Some Loves make flawless pop akin to the db's.

The LP "Something or Other" is an excellent combination of the talents of Easter and Mariani. It makes for one of the best debuts of this year. Mariani's strong singing and tune crafting ability produce a bright, shimmering sound.

Although the LP is currently only available on import, hopefully it will soon be out domestically.

Greg Garlick

**Wire
Manscape
(Capitol)**

Wire's latest effort provides a surprisingly refreshing change in sound. Their last two albums, especially

der what drummer/horticulturalist Robert Gotobed's role in Wire has become.

Though a typically fine LP for Wire, "Manscape" does have a major weakness. I usually dread the annoying whine of singer/guitarist Colin Newman and look forward to the soothing baritone of bassist/singer Lewis. However, Newman tends to sound quite pleasant in the melodies he has created while it is Lewis who is annoying on this LP. His vocal technique consists largely of half-screaming and talking. Compounding this are Lewis' pretentious lyrics. I will be skipping over most of the tracks on which Lewis sings. Although I'm left with only part of an LP, it is comforting to know that "art-pop" is still alive.

Patrik Sampler

**West Coast Rap All-Stars
Introducing the Grand Jury
All-Stars
We're All in the Same Gang
(WEA)**

When first receiving this album for reviewing, I thought to myself, "This should be interesting." The album has various west coast rappers plastered all over the front. I don't know if whether this is to mislead you into thinking that these are the rap artists on the whole cassette, but if you look carefully at the small print at the top of the cover you soon realise that these west coast rappers are INTRO-



Michel'le's high pitched voice is capable when she sings but as soon as she speaks, the whole thing seems like a joke. Appearances by Ren and Dre are a little disappointing. Their rhymes lack a steady flow. This may be due to the absence of Ice Cube, although Eazy-E pulls through all right. Interestingly, J.J. Fad and Sugar & Spice (rival rap artists) are both present, stating that they are all in the same gang.

There is a nice balance of both male and female rappers although the females tend to talk about themselves just a little too much. And Soula strikes a pose while she lets her dress fall off for the

exception of those of the West Coast Rap All-Stars. But considering that this tape goes to a worthwhile charity to promote education, "We're All in the Same Gang" is worth supporting.

MC Terror T

**Audio Two
I Don't Care
(First Priority Music Family/WEA)**

Audio Two, never one of my favourite rap artists, appeared on the First Priority Music Family record "Basement Flavour" with the songs "Many Styles" and "Peer Pressure" in 1988. Well, it's 1990 now. This LP has seventeen songs in many different

thought of having to listen to this sloppy job again is unbearable.

MC Terror T

**Shinehead
The Real Rock
(African Love Records/WEA)** Unlike Shinehead's previous album, "Unity," this album is lacking both musically and lyrically. A first listening is disappointing, but repeated plays may allow the listener to build a tolerance for a few tunes.

There are quite a number of love songs that tend to drag on. The backing sound is very plain; there isn't the variety and vibrancy that was created by Shinehead's old posse. Bland beats and rhythms replace what used to be the ultimate combination.

There are still a few good positive messages, for which Shinehead is known. But as for "the real rock," I don't think so.

MC Terror T

**Unrest
Kustom Kannal
Blaxploitation
(Caroline)**

We were expecting our own second coming. It was going to happen in '86, the sixth year of the decade, like it had every ten years since WWII.

We were the fallout of the hardcore revolution that was still collapsing around us. The bands that once meant something had become comi-

are saying that was the year that the funk came back.) Since then, I've approached music with a cynicism that I didn't think possible for me.

I've just taken the long way 'round to explain that it takes a very special record to get me excited about rock 'n' roll any more. The third album by Washington D.C.'s Unrest is such a record.

Guitar, bass and drums provide a wide pallet: songs chug-a-lug along or jerk and screech to a halt only to give way to a gently rendered ballad. Singer Mark E. can grit his teeth and growl out poisonous words or croon lyrics of teenage want.

What holds this record together is also the only similarity Unrest share with D.C. bands of the Dischord Records heyday. The songs all seem to skirt with the theme of power reclaimed for and by the self; a notion that hasn't been shouted this earnestly since Minor Threat's first record.

Patient listening is required, but "KK Blaxploitation" has enough surface richness to reward even on the first listenings.

Len Morgan

**Gwar
Scumdogs of the Universe
(Metal Blade/WEA)**

"The record reviewer's art," explained a writer friend of mine, "is to throw all appearance of study and reason out the window in



"IBTABAB," were rather sterile in arrangement; contrived continuations of "The Ideal Copy."

With Wire having finally reached the computer age, much of the music on this LP is sequenced. Most shockingly arranged is the song "Morning Bell," reminiscent of Moomus' "Tender Perver" album. This makes me won-

DUCING the Grand Jury All-Stars.

As expected, the only song worth listening to is by the West Coast Rap All-Stars (such as Ice T, Digital Underground, NWA, etc). The title track is a compilation of each rapper bustin' about twenty to thirty lines of info and personal opinions on the subject of gang violence.

cassette photo. The lady from New World Mafia also seems to have had trouble with the fitting of her dress. If you look closely you can probably see what she ate for dinner! Not very attractive.

This album depends on the producers' ability to provide funky tracks and hip hoppin' beats. Unfortunately, the lyrics are lacking, with the

styles, but the first few are enough to put anyone into a aggravated frenzy.

With Milk the MC having the voice of a Smurfette carrying an extra couple of pounds and awful lyrics that just aren't worth listening to, this album is a waste: a waste of money, time, energy, and most of all, sanity. This review would be longer but the

cally redundant overnight. The only interesting developments seemed to come out of left field. Talented folk were abandoning what at the time was no longer a movement but an excuse for welfare dependence and street fighting.

Needless to say, nothing happened in '86 to bring all of us lost sheep back together. (In hindsight, people

favour of the hyperbolic."

I, of course, retorted that it is the music-the actual subject of the review-and not the scratchings of critics, that is of highest import.

A writer's art, no, duty, is to provide enough information and objectivity for the layperson to decide whether

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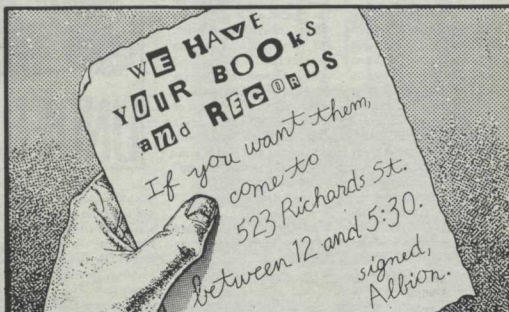
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pssst...

What do Nitzer Ebb, Sonic Youth,
Inspiral Carpets, Ice-T, Bootsauce
and Robyn Hitchcock all have in
common with Disorder Magazine?
See page 35 for the answer...



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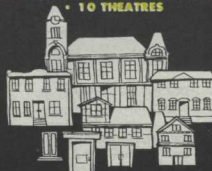
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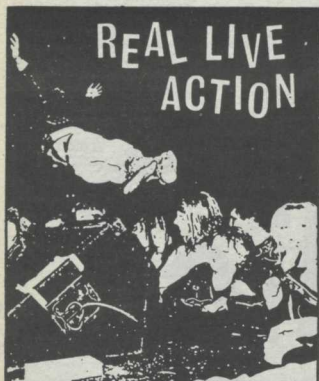
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all photos by Leonard Whitehead

**Caustic Thought
Exodus
Suicidal Tendencies
The Commodore
Tuesday, August 14**

I wandered into the Commodore and witnessed what I thought was the tail end of Exodus' set. It turned out to be a local band called Caustic

the Barber."

It became obvious that Exodus was the next band up when a crowd of monstrous hairshakers filled the floor and started chanting their name. As a bizarre surprise, Ice-T came out and introduced the band. Initially, Exodus created a wall of distortion. Luckily,

slightly more annoying metal whine. Their set consisted of the usual bonehead metal

classics as "Rapture" and "Dreaming." Debbie Harry's voice was a lot better live than

CONT'D FROM PAGE 25

to pursue the music further or not. And a judgement should only be made after considering that music's contributions and relative stature within our cultural wealth. Great records will always be important no matter what a critic says. "And bad records? Hmmm?"

My adversary had slain me. I could not think of a single reason why a Jive Bunny record should be put to a serious review; or one by David Foster or Andrew Lloyd Webber. Take your pick.

But isn't it just taste that eludes determinant that distinguishes good from bad? Isn't a reviewer displaying good taste by not bothering to write more than two words (ie: "shit sandwich")? Isn't another critic proving his naivete or just plain bad taste when line after line of a review describes in minute detail the various inflections lovingly applied to the words "baby, baby, baby?"

You can't judge a book by its number of pages, I suppose. Not that I have been won over to the guerrilla rock critique, but my resistance to the approach has lessened somewhat. Here goes:

Gadzooks! The Fab Four's first platter since Sgt. Pepper's, and a full twenty years later! What's that you say? Oh yeah, forget to fill you in. So, like, after recording above-said only-record-that-ever-mattered-ill-now, our mop-tops were abducted by space aliens (true!) who dropped them at the South Pole. Reason being wuz so they'd unlearn all their evil ways (their cloned replacements continued the damage, you'll remember) and return to make "Scumdogs of the Universe." Disguised in the interplanetary zoot-suits of the truly hip, the Beatles have come back to claim rock eminence and world domination as Gwar. It's all in there. Look and see.

Len Morgan

**Nick Cave
And the Ass Saw the Angel
(Black Spring Press)**

This is a weird and wonderful release by Nick Cave. This latest offering is a magnificent entry into the twisted mind of one Eurichd Euclor, a sensitive but unfortunately malformed and mute boy. We meet him as he tells his tragic (what else??) story, while slowly sinking to his death in the swampland outside his town.

Eurichd is the offspring of several generations of inbreeding and alcoholism.

He grows up in a cane-growing valley controlled by a strict religious sect called the Ukulites. Between his crazed parents and the violent ostracism of the Ukulites, the impressionable Eurichd starts to lose his proverbial marbles. The valley is also hit by years of torrential rains and the sudden appearance of an abandoned girl-child who is not all she seems. All these forces drive Eurichd farther into madness and into a final, cataclysmic act.

This book (OK, I'll let you in on the secret; this is a book, not an album!) is quite unlike anything I've ever read. Cave uses made-up words that are so clever that sometimes I didn't realize they were fabricated. His use of imagery is superb. Here is Cave's description of the new moon and what it becomes in Eurichd's fertile mind: "...a slice of lemon rind-a sinister fin menacing the welkin water's royal pool-apel from the golden fleece-the Reaper's tool-a golden bow released-a single slipper made of glass-a lamp cast in gold-a fold-a gilded horn within a maiden's gown-a lick-atongue-an angry thorn-a manger's roof-a crib or a cradle-a ladle-a tooth-all up there, above me and beyond math reach. Removed."

This is an extraordinary book, full of magic and horror, but also of feelings which everybody can relate to. For people who want to be challenged in music or literature, I heartily recommend it.

June Scudeler

**KMFDM
UAIOE
(Wax Trax/Cargo)**

KMFDM, hailing from Germany, experiment with industrial and world beat music, especially reggae. The results, such as "Ganja Rock" and "Rip the System," are successfully fresh sounding. KMFDM also seem to be fairly politically aware. The chorus of the aforementioned song is "Black man/White man/Rip the system." But alas, for the first two songs on the second side, KMFDM decide to go the Ministry route, with disappointing results. Being an avid Ministry admirer, these songs do not compare to such Ministry thrashfests as "Never Believe" or "Thieves." These inferior pseudo-thrash songs really fall flat after the more original and experimental songs on the album and so this is not the great dance-a-ton album it could have been.

June Scudeler

SEPTEMBER 1990 27

chants of "You guys are fuckin' maniacs!" and "Vancouver is the fuckin' best!" but, as the crown can attest, the music was intense. At times the entire ballroom floor was a mass of thrashing sweaty bodies.

For Suicidal's set, the metalheads seemed to all but disappear, replaced by a slightly younger skaterish crowd. The level of intensity continued for this very tight and very fast set. Thankfully, they played most of their best songs, including a large number from their first album. This is where my bias for hardcore becomes evident, as I enjoyed Suicidal's set the most. A great gig and I didn't expect to like any of it.

Tom Milne

**Escape From New York
PNE Concert Bowl
Friday, August 17th**

Escape from New York could probably best be described as a sort of Woodstock II for the dressed in black crowd.

Although the participants - the Tom Tom Club, Debbie Harry and the mighty Ramones - have been around for a long time, Escape avoided being a nostalgia show. Everybody sounded fresh. Especially the Tom Tom Club, featuring Tina Weymouth and Jerry Harrison, who are famous for hanging out with that David Byrne guy. The Tom Tom Club consists of two drum kits, two vocalists/dancers, guitar, bass and keyboards. They played extremely danceable and amazingly energetic music. Tina Weymouth's bass playing was incredible throughout. They did not sound like Talking Heads tunes, such as "Life During Wartime," but did them with a great sense of irreverence.

Having Blondie's "Greatest Hits" in my record collection, I was happily bopping along with such pop

I thought it would be her band (including Chris Stein) was very tight. She finished up with two rave-ups of her own.



Then came what everybody was waiting for: The Ramones! With no introduction, they slammed their way through an hour long aural assault. Yes, they banged their way through all their old hits, "I Wanna Be Sedated," "Rock



'n' Roll High School," etc, which sounded more alive than some of their recent stuff. It was easy to get caught up in the Ramones' wall of noise - a sign of a good concert.

June Scudeler



Thought. Imagine a cross between speed metal and Sub-Pop grunge and you'll have some idea of what they sounded like. They pulled it off quite well and as an added bonus they churned out a rippin' version of Nirvana's "Floyd

the sound improved as the set went on. I'd forgotten how truly intense the double bass drumming of a good speed metal band can be. The lead singer seems to have drifted away from the punkish scream of their first album into a



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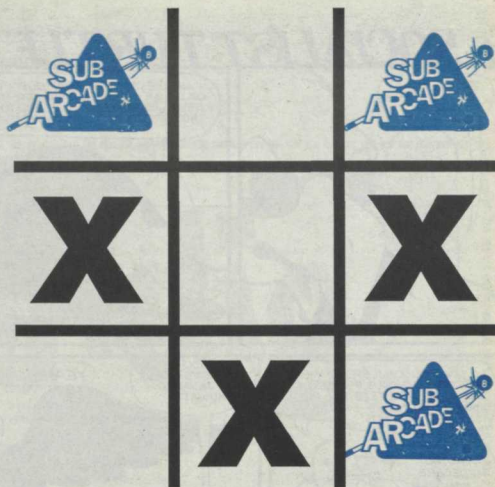
SEPTEMBER CONCERTS

- SATURDAY 1** JR Country presents Stony Plain recording artist **TOM RUSSELL** with guest **ERIK JOHNSON**
- SUNDAY 2** CiTR presents from the UK, IRS recording artists **PATO BANTON AND THE REGGAE REVOLUTION** with guest **PETER SPENCE**
- MONDAY 3** **CAT'S GAME, CHIEFS OF BELIEF, DOSE PUMP, CURIOUS GEORGE**
- TUESDAY 4** **MIND THE GAP, THE ALIEN AND THE PSYCHO, BARON VON FOKKER, JUICE MONKEYS**
- WEDNESDAY 5** **Double Bill - THE PERSUADERS and DEAD HEAD COOL**
- THURSDAY 6** **ONE WORLD** with guests **GEMINI RISING**
- FRIDAY 7** **TT RACER** with guests **PUBLIC HOUSE**
- SATURDAY 8** CiTR presents **GAYE BYKERS ON ACID** with guests **ELVIS HITLER**
- SUNDAY 9** **GRAFFITTI** with guests **LOVERS AND MADMEN**
- MONDAY 10** **THE ODDS** with guests **RAGGED RICH**
- TUESDAY 11** ROCK 1040 presents MCA recording artists **MANTEYE** with guests **GREENHOUSE**
- WEDNESDAY 12** **ETHNOCENTRIC BUBBLEHEADS** with guests **OH YEAH**
- THURSDAY 13** **EMILY STOP**
- FRIDAY 14 - SATURDAY 15** ROCK 1040 presents **THE SCRAMBLERS** with guests **CHANGE OF HEART**
- SUNDAY 16** **MORIS TEPPER** formerly of Tom Waits and Captain Beefheart
- MONDAY 17** **BIG DEAL, MORTAL PUZZLE, DIRT**
- TUESDAY 18** From Winnipeg, **THE WATCHMEN** with guests **Y-KNOT**
- WEDNESDAY 19** From Toronto, **KING APPARATUS** (Ska)
- THURSDAY 20** A Timeless Production, from Seattle, **MY SISTER'S MACHINE** and **PAISLEY SIN**
- FRIDAY 21** From Seattle, **YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS** with guests **FIELD TRIP**
- SATURDAY 22** Perryscope and CFOX present A&M recording artist **DAVID BAERWALD**
- MONDAY 24** **AGENT ORANGE**
- TUESDAY 25** ROCK 1040 presents from the UK, WEA recording artists **SHAME** featuring Norm Rodgers of TV 21 and The Waterboys with special guests **CATHERINE WHEEL**
- WEDNESDAY 26** Perryscope and CiTR present from the UK, PolyGram recording artists **THEE HYPNOTICS**
- THURSDAY 27** From Boston, Relativity recording artist **TOP HARVEY** with guests **ONE RIDDIM**
- FRIDAY 28 - SATURDAY 29** ROCK 1040 presents Enigma/Capitol recording artists **THE FORGOTTEN REBELS** with guests **TANKHOG**

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"If I hated the mushroom pizza, I would have SAID 'I hate the mushroom pizza. I'll be fucked if I'm going to have another piece of the mushroom pizza.'"

Wise words from a wise woman.

Myself, I didn't even really taste pizza till I was, like, twelve, and then it was Auntie Merle's homemade, baked up in a big rectangular pan and served in oblong slabs. Prior to that, the nearest exposure I'd and to the stuff was that fateful night of my best friend's... what was it?... 7th? birthday party. The event had been hyped out of proportion way in advance: We were going to Shakey's!, we were going to Shakey's!, we were going to Shakey's!, and we were going to have PIZZA (which was at the time scaling a zenith of coolness and popularity). And not just pizza, but pizza with SPARKLERS on top. Exciting shit. This was a big enough deal for my peers, but for me, raised in a staunchly "Pepper?! I didn't even know you could BUY that here!" household, the prospect was downright mind-warping.

So there I sat in the yellow Bug, crammed in amongst my shrieking compatriots, nursing the knot of anxiety that was a dead weight in my stomach. Of course on the outside I made a show of being cool, urbane, sophisticated (some things never change), INTO the whole pizza scene - Hell, if you weren't into the pizza scene in the '70s, there was no hope for you... So that when we arrived at the promised land, everyone was a bit taken aback at my refusing pizza. By this time the whole vicious cycle - "Oh my god, I'm going to have to eat PIZZA, what if I don't like it, what if it's weird, (what if it tastes like pepper), WHAT IF EVERYONE HATES ME BECAUSE OF IT?!" - had such a grip on my digestive system I couldn't have eaten anything,



much less pizza. One of my earliest and most vivid memories of ineptly trying to grin and equivocate my way through an unbearable social situation.

But okay okay, truth enough, this isn't Let's Delve into Viola's Childhood, it's Hell's darned Kitchen, and I'm gonna tell you what pizza in town's worth eating and what ain't.

The best pizza for my money hails from the Greek Taverna in Surrey, hidden away at the end of a desolate early-'80s mall just south of the Newton Inn. But in Vancouver, Sunrise Pizza & Steak House on Commercial Drive serves up a pretty darn mean rendition thereof too. Their vegetarian with feta cheese, a transcendent eat, is so lowly liquid-y that a fellow connoisseur was prompted to observe, "It's like, someone forgot to drain the tomatoes..." The kooky take-out/delivery folder offers only a hint of what awaits inside the actual restaurant. Eat in sometime; it's a trip replete with all the '70s accoutrements from your most warped nightmares. Highly recommended.

The Delphi, down the street and around the corner on Hastings by the Canadian Tire, gives Sunrise a run for its money, pizza-wise, and

has a really cool, neighbourhood hangout/pub-like atmosphere. There's one of them crazy bead curtains, nothing more, dividing the eating area from the kitchen; the delivery guy runs back and forth from kitchen to door like a mad hen; and the proprietor and a couple regulars sit at the table in the middle, drinking red wine and loquaciously lordling it over their smoky domain. The Caesar salad is sort of abnormal, but stock up on the pizza and you can't go wrong. Reasonable prices too, eh.

Johnny's Pizza Factory, with two Granville St. locations, one in the seedy end of the Mall and the other in Marpole, now has a new outlet on the East Side at the confluence of Broadway and Grandview Hwy. While this one looks relentlessly spartan inside, with nothing of the manic she-come-she-go-she-of the little hole-in-the-wall Mall one, the gods have nevertheless smiled upon my neighbourhood, as the Johnny's pizza recipe is nothing to sniff at. Especially for a 2-for-1 dealie, definitely catworthy stuff. And with a delivery menu that boasts wording like, "You can order submarines with same kind of toppings like pizza," well, I say heck, you can't lose.

Speaking of 2-for-1 pizza, and losing, that segues well into mention of the big 2-for-1 places. Panagopolous, although edible, actually costs more than Johnny's, and the quality, quote-unquote, is inconsistent from location to location and even from week to week within the same location. As to the other No. 1 corporate deathpizza, the Richlerian 222; well, suffice it to say that I've never tasted it - one look at the scaring photos on their flyer cured me of any desire to do so. Any reports from the field, of people who have actually eaten it and lived, would be welcome.

As a more or less full-fledged Drive-ite (whatever that is), it shames me to admit that I've never set foot in, or sunk tooth into, either of the street's pizza-by-the-slice institutions, Golden Boy's or Don Giovanni. Every time I walk by these side-by-side south of 1st competitors, I'm tempted; but cheapness is my downfall and I always tell myself, "C'mon, don't make an impulse purchase; you're only a few minutes from home and you can make yourself something to eat when you get there." Anyway, Golden Boy's (great name, great logo) offers the customary piece-of-pie-shaped wedges, and Don Giovanni next door serves 'em up in big oblong chunks, like Auntie Merle. Both places have a few tables crammed into a 3-by-3 yard space, and are usually occupied by at least a couple of deadlocked-or-blue-or-no-haired denizens of the Drive, merrily chowing down. Damn! Why haven't I checked out these places yet? I must be sick in the head.

But hey, it's not as if I don't already know of enough places where my pizza buck is well-spent. Sunrise, the Delphi, and the Greek Taverna when I'm in Surrey should keep my sufficiency suffunctioned, I reckon. Yours too, eh.

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DANCING ON THE CLOUDS

CONCLUSION

YOU SEE! I HAD IT ~~FIGURED~~ OUT! THE MYSTERY AND POWER OF THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS LAY WITHIN MY HANDS.



THE SECRET OF HIS REBIRTH WAS MINE ALONE! I WOULD BE HIS CREATOR AND DISCIPLE--



I WOULD CALL HIM FROM HIS PLACE IN THE HEAVENS INTO HIS PREPARED BODY.



I WOULD IMBUE THIS BODY WITH THE POWER THAT ONCE WALKED THE EARTH, THE SON OF GOD!



THE BREAD AND WINE WHICH I SO DILIGENTLY LIBERATED FROM THE LOCAL CHURCHES WAS MY MEDIUM, FOR IT WAS THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST.



AS SOON AS I RETURNED FROM THE VARIOUS SACRAMENTAL CEREMONIES, I WOULD MIX THE TWO SUBSTANCES INTO A GLUEY PASTE, AND WITH THIS I BEGAN TO HOLD HIS FORM. IT TOOK ME MONTHS.



DURING THIS TIME, I MUST ADMIT I DID LITTLE ELSE, FOR WHAT ELSE MATTERED? THIS HOLY MISSION WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING THAT I HAD EVER DONE; THAT ANYONE HAD DONE IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS.



THE LIMBS AND FEATURES OF THE SAVIOUR SLOWLY BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE. I MADE SURE TO SCULPT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE OF HIM-- FOR AFTER ALL, HE WAS THE SON OF GOD!



WHAT A JOY IT WOULD BE TO HEAR HIS NEW PROPHECIES, THE THIRD TESTAMENT. WHAT UNUTTERABLE WISDOM WOULD SPILL FORTH FROM HIS FULL, HANDSOME LIPS.



I WORKED CONSTANTLY, EVERYTHING HAD TO BE PERFECT, THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKES.



AND HIS LIMBS COULD NOT BE WEAK OR DEGENERATE. THEY HAD TO BE THE PROUD, MUSCULAR LIMBS OF A DEMI-GOD, GIGANTIC IN PROPORTION. TRULY, I RENDERED THE IMAGE GODLIKE IN ALL WAYS.



I WOULD FINALLY GET TO DANCE ON THE CLOUDS WITH THE LORD OF HOSTS.



INDEED, A MISTAKE WOULD RENDER HIM IMPERFECT AND HE WOULD NOT BE THE CHRIST.



"EXTINCTION" JUNKFLESH

BRYCE THING 90

DEM KIDS IS ALREET, BUT MUTATING FAST... "MY DISEASE SETS ME FREE," OR PERHAPS "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MACHINE." AND NO, OPHELIA IS NOT HAVING HER PERIOD... EVERYTHINGS ALL GRAY, MA, FUN IS SUCH A MURDEROUS THING... WHICH IS WHY EXTINCTION IS SO COOL... AW... HELL, THIS ALL IS JUST A BUBBLEGUM BRAIN BASH... READY ON MCMUPPET... LET NO ONE SAY "HUM???"



YOU NEARLY KILLED ME, AND YOU'RE 'SORRY'? RIP YOUR FUCKIN STINKING FINGERS OFF AND JAM 'EM UP YOUR ASS, JERK!



THE BOOK

SATURDAY 1 **Handrock Miners at the Railway...**...the **Stoaters** at the **Cruel Elephant**...The **Tom Russell Band** and guest **Eric Johnson** at the **Town Pump**...The **Demons of the Air**...**Albert King** and **Irma Thomas** at the **PNE Exhibition Bowl** (8:30pm)...**Sue Medley** at **86 Street**...**Al Foreman** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Roy Cooder** and **David Lindley** at the **Orpheum**...**Spread Eagle** at the **Rock Café**...**Breathing Together** (7:30pm) and **Head** (8:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Lonely Hearts** (7:30pm) and **Warm Nights** (8:30pm) at the **Starlight Cinema**...

SUNDAY 2 **CITR presents IRS recording artist Palo Santos and the Rogues Revolution at the Town Pump**...Special aftermoon jam session with **Oliver and the Elements** and **Jack Levin** and the **Demons of the Air**...**Nardwarr** the **Human Servitude** Presents **Don Wauz**'s **Fried Carrots** with **Medusa's Hair**, **Stagnant Water**, **The Explorations** and **The Worst** at the **Arts Club Seymour** (all ages)...**Koko Taylor** at the **Commodore**...**Sue Medley** at **86 Street**...**Al Foreman** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Count of the Old Town** (7:30pm) and **8 (9pm)** at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Young Einstein** (7:30pm) and **Crocodile Dundee** at the **Starlight Cinema**...

MONDAY 3 **Car's Game, Chino de Ballad, Dose Pump, Confess** garage at the **Town Pump**...**Barnet Belland** and **Lisa Hay** at the **PNE Exhibition Bowl** (8:30pm)...**Squirrels Live** Unit at **Burnshead** (Seattle)...The **Five Billed Boys** of **Abolition** at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre** (8:30pm)...**Oliver and the Elements** at the **Yale**...**Al Foreman** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Doogals** at **Klub Koss**...**Classics Night** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Count of the Old Town** (7:30pm) and **8 (9pm)** at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Ernie's** **Betty Ham** (7:30pm) and **Read Warner** at the **Starlight Cinema**...

TUESDAY 4 **Mind the Gap, Allen and the Psycho, Baron Von Fokker, Juice Monkeys** at the **Town Pump**...**Baron Von Fokker** at the **Yale**...**The Coca-Cola Kid** (7:30pm) and **Burke and Wills** (9:30pm) at the **Starlight Cinema**...**World Best Night** at the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...

WEDNESDAY 5 **The Persuaders and Dead Head** **Cool** at the **Town Pump**...**Pinelap Park** at the **Yale**...**Bruce Caughlan** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Hot Wednesdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Films of Iceland with Land and Sons** (7:30pm) and **The Wives** (8:30pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**A Cry in the Dark** (7:30pm) and **Kangaroo** (8:45pm) at the **Starlight Cinema**...

THURSDAY 6 **One World with Garmil Rising** at the **Town Pump**...**Pinelap Park** at the **Yale**...**Lamont Hill** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Cool Thursdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Peg Turt** Cabaret at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**Films of Iceland with Land and Sons** (7:30pm) and **The House** (8:20pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Kangaroo** (7:30pm) and **A Cry in the Dark** (9:30pm) at the **Starlight Cinema**...**The Sixth Annual Fringe Festival** opens in the **Mount Pleasant** community, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

FRIDAY 7 **CITR presents night one of DJ SOUND WARR CHAPTER ONE, Vancouver's first rap competition, at the SUB Ballroom** (7pm, \$5)...**T.T. Racer** and **Public House** the **Town Pump**...**Jazzman Devils** and **Wall Street** at **86 Street**...**Pinelap Park** at the **Yale**...**Lamont Hill** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Chris O'Neil** at **Klub Koss** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**Stereo** (7:30pm) and **Stalker** (8:50pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** opens at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

SATURDAY 8 **CITR presents night two of DJ SOUND WARR CHAPTER ONE, Vancouver's first rap competition, at the SUB Ballroom** (7pm, \$5)...**with guests** **ED**...**CITR presents** **Gaye Bikers** on **Acid** with **guests** **Eric Hitter** at the **Town Pump**...**Jazzman Devils** and **Wall Street** at **86 Street**...**Pinelap Park** at the **Yale**...

at the **Yale**...**Lamont Hill** at **Hogan's Alley**...**Fantasia** at the **Frings Club**...**Bandstand**...**Oliver** at the **Frings Club** (10:30pm)...**Stereo** (7:30pm) and **Stalker** (8:50pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

SUNDAY 9 **Gratuit with Lovers and Madmen** at the **Town Pump**...**Shari-D Wilson** at the **Frings Club** (pm)...**Swedenheims** (7:30pm) and **Walguriga Night** (9:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

MONDAY 10 **That Band Competition** from **CITR Shindig** '90 opens at the **Railway Club** with **Best, Elmore James and the Vasconcelos**...**The Oddness** **Rich Ridd** at the **Town Pump**...**Oliver and the Elements** at the **Yale**...**Margo Kane** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**Classics Night** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Swedenheims** (7:30pm) and **Walguriga Night** (9:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

TUESDAY 11 **Manley with Green House** at the **Town Pump**...**Garnet Rogers** at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre** (8pm)...**William Clarke** at the **Yale**...**Scott Tate** at the **Frings Club** (8pm)...**World Best Night** at the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Personality Software** and **Baby Pinsky** at **Pacific Cinematheque** (8pm)...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

WEDNESDAY 12 **CITR presents Consolidated and MC 900 FT Jesus** with **DJ Zero** at the **Lo-Ve-Fair**...**The Ethnoactive** **Bubbleheads** and **Oh Yeah** at the **Town Pump**...**William Clarke** at the **Yale**...**Emily Faraya** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**The Fault** at the **Frings Club**...**Hot Wednesdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Films of Iceland with Outlaw: the Saga of Giall** (7:30pm) and **Atomic Station** (9:30pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

THURSDAY 13 **Enly** **Spot** at the **Town Pump**...**William Clarke** at the **Yale**...**Sandra Lockwood** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**Cool Thursdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Films of Iceland with Outlaw: the Saga of Giall** (7:30pm) and **Atomic Station** (9:30pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Cella** continues at the **Starlight Cinema** (7:30 & 9:30)...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

FRIDAY 14 **The Scramblers** and **Change of Heart** at the **Town Pump**...**Elita James** at **86 Street**...**William Clarke** at the **Yale**...**Ancient Cultures** at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...**Elizabeth Fischer** at the **Frings Club** (10:30)...**Sympathy for the Devil** (7:30pm) and **Performance** (9:20pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

SATURDAY 15 **CITR presents** **Dead Angel, Forbidden** and **Sanctuary** at the **New York Theatre**...**The Scramblers** and **Change of Heart** at the **Town Pump**...**William Clarke** at the **Yale**...**Elita James** at **86 Street**...**Tommy Flanagan** at the **Frings Club**...**Spiya Doctors** at the **Frings Club**...**Lowell Monte** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**Sympathy for the Devil** (7:30pm) and **Performance** (9:20pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Fringe Festival** continues in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

SUNDAY 16 **Moris Tepper** at the **Town Pump**...

Tamashii Weavers at the **WISE Hall** (8:30pm)...**Andrew Wilson** at the **Frings Club** (9pm)...**A Woman's Face** (7:30pm) and **Dollar** (9:30pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Fringe Festival** closes in **Mount Pleasant**, check the **Fringe Program** for details...

MONDAY 17 **Shindig '90** continues at the **Railway Club** with **Picture Paintings**, **San Dog** and **Toxic Jims**...**Big Deal**, **Mortal Puzles**, **Orkitt** at the **Town Pump**...**Oliver and the Elements** at the **Yale**...**Classics Night** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**A Woman's Face** (7:30pm) and **Dollar** (9:30pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Beyond the Fringe** opens at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...

TUESDAY 18 **The Walchman** and **Y-Knot** at the **Town Pump**...**Sherman Robertson** at the **Yale**...**World Best Night** at the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Beyond the Fringe** continues at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...

WEDNESDAY 19 **Scrawl and Bombshells** at the **Cruel Elephant**...**King Apparatus** at the **Town Pump**...**Sherman Robertson** at the **Yale**...**USC Club** **Dance 1990** begins with **CITR** presents a free concert by **Rooters** and **Waterwalk** on **SUB Plaza** (12:30pm)...**Hot Wednesdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Films of Iceland with Magnus** (7:30pm) and **White Whales** (9:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Beyond the Fringe** continues at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...**A View from the Bridge** by **Arthur Miller** opens at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

THURSDAY 20 **My Sister's Machine** and **Paisley Sin** at the **Town Pump**...**Sherman Robertson** at the **Yale**...**USC Club** **Dance 1990** continues with **CITR** presents **El Broke** on **SUB Plaza** (12:30pm)...**Cool Thursdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Beyond the Fringe** continues at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

FRIDAY 21 **Young Fresh Fellows** and **Field Trip** at the **Town Pump**...**Tower of Power** at **86 Street**...**Sherman Robertson** at the **Yale**...**USC Club** **Dance 1990** ends with **CITR** presents **Jody "Elvis"** **Cranston** on **SUB Plaza** (12:30pm)...**Crimes of the Future** (7:30pm) and **The Mirror** (8:50pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Beyond the Fringe** continues at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

SATURDAY 22 **David Baerwald** at the **Town Pump**...**Sherman Robertson** at the **Yale**...**John Hatt** at **86 Street**...**Crimes of the Future** (7:30pm) and **The Mirror** (8:50pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**Beyond the Fringe** continues at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

SUNDAY 23 **Only One Night** (7:30pm) and **June Night** (8:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

MONDAY 24 **Shindig '90** continues at the **Railway Club** with **Baron Von Fokker**, **Darling** **Thurshes** and **Phineas Gage**...**Agent Orange** at the **Town Pump**...**Oliver and the Elements** at the **Yale**...**Classics Night** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**Only One Night** (7:30pm) and **June Night** (8:15pm) at **Pacific Cinematheque**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

TUESDAY 25 **Shame** and **Catherine Wheel** at the **Town Pump**...**Ron Thompson** at the **Yale**...**David "Falshad"** **Newman** at the **Glass Slipper**...**World Best Night** at the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

WEDNESDAY 26 **CITR presents** **The Hypnotics** at the **Town Pump**...**Ron Thompson** at the **Yale**...**Hot Wednesdays**...

days in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

THURSDAY 27 **Rep Harvey** at the **Town Pump**...**Ron Thompson** at the **Yale**...**Cool Thursdays** in the **Pit Pub**, music provided by **CITR**...**A View from the Bridge** by **Arthur Miller** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

FRIDAY 28 **The Forgotten Rebels** and **Tambling** at the **Town Pump**...**Ron Thompson** at the **Yale**...**Barb's Hat** and **Lunar Adventures** at the **Glass Slipper** (9pm)...**Rainforest** **Benefit** **It** with speakers **Dr. David Suzuki**, **Dr. Wade Davis**, **Mike Richardson**, **Tom Harley** and **Adriane Carr** and music by **Dolls and Slugs**, **Jim Byrnes**, **Long John Baldry**, **Axe Murfies**, **Murray McLachlan** and **Celso Machado** at the **Hotel Vancouver**...**Vancouver International Film Festival** opens until **October 14**...**A View from the Bridge** by **Arthur Miller** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

SATURDAY 29 **The Forgotten Rebels** and **Tambling** at the **Town Pump**...**Ron Thompson** at the **Yale**...**Paul Pinney** **Group** and **Chief Feature** at the **Glass Slipper** (9pm)...**Vancouver International Festivals** **Preview Event** with **Allice Muen** at the **Arts Club Granville Island**...**A View from the Bridge** continues at **Frederic Wood Theatre**...

SUNDAY 30 **Betty Carter** at the **Commodore**...

SPACES SPACES SPACES

Anza Club	3 West 8th Street
Arctic Hall	main floor, 2214 Main Street
Arts Club Granville Island	Granville Island
Arts Club Seymour	1181 Seymour Street
Cambrian Hall	215 East 117th Avenue
Cinderella Ballroom	185 East 11th Avenue
Commodore Ballroom	970 Granville Street
Community Arts Council	837 Duke Street
Cruel Elephant	1176 Granville Street
86 Street Music Hall	86 Enterprise Centre
Finchall Arts Centre	700 East Cordova Street
Frederic Wood Theatre	6454 Crescent Road, UBC
Frings Club	2nd floor, 2555 Main Street
Gruet Gallery	209 East 6th Avenue
Haritage Hall	3102 Main Street
Hogan's Alley	730 Main Street
Kilkanan Community Centre	2690 Larch Street
La Guana Coffee House	1111 Commercial Drive
Main Dance Place	upstairs, 2214 Main Street
Mid Pleasant Community Centre	3111 Ontario Street
Pacific Cinematheque	1131 Howe Street
Pit Pub	basement, Student Union Building
Railway Club	579 Dunscombe Street
Ridge Theatre	3131 Ardmore Street
Starlight Cinema	935 Denham Street
Station Street Arts Centre	3900 Station Street
Studio 58	Main Building, Langara Campus, VCC
Student Union Building	6138 59th Boulevard, UBC
SUB Ballroom	second floor, Student Union Building
SUB Plaza	south side, Student Union Building
SUB Theatre	main floor, Student Union Building
Tom Lee Music Hall	925 Granville Street
Town Pump	66 Water Street
Underground	Broadway & Kingsway
Van. East Cultural Centre	1895 Venables Street
Vancouver Little Theatre	3102 Main Street
White Crane Studio	2440 Main Street
WISE Hall	1882 Adams Street
Yale	1300 Granville Street

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LONGCROCODILESHOW

Sonic Youth	Go	WEA/OGC
John Mellencamp & D.B.A.	Left Scream of the Missing...	Fringe/Alternative
Simple Dimes Productions	...Fidelio	BMG/LiveZone
Sacred Tendencies	Lights... Camera... Revolution	CBS/Epic
Brothers	Mental Flower for the Globe	PolyGram/AD
Urban Dance Squad	Cars, Flowers, Telephone	BMG/Arista
Streetway Zulu	Shit	BMG/Arista
Foetus Inc.	Shit	Cargo/Wax Trax
KMFDM	Shit	Wax Trax
Six Year	First Seed Chunks	Cargo/Trax
Live "Scratch" Perry	From the Secret Laboratory	MCA/Island
X Clam	To the East, Blackwaders	MCA/A&B & W
Ygg Pig	Brick by Brick	A&M/Virgin
Stomper's Tom Connors	A Proud Canadian	Capitol/EMI
Lyle/Laethlog	Be?	Concrete/Parlool
Shakedown	The Real Rock	WEA/African Love
Strangers	10	CBS/Epic
Unlabeled Youth	More Gaze Gossamer from the Unlabeled Youth	Capitol
Champs of Heart	Sugar	Cargo
Lulu Featuring The 2 Live Crew	Banned in the U.S.A.	WEA/Lulu
Various Artists	Holland Rocks RMS Sampler	Phonogram BV Holland
Cabaret Voltaire	Groovy, Laidback and Rasty	Capitol/EMI
Clock DVA	The Act	Wax Trax
Various Artists	The John Zorn Radio Hour	WEA
Various Artists	Sound Bites from the Counter Culture	Atlantic
Soft's Your Uncle	Tale of 2 Legs	Dr. Dream
Moor	Head/Done	Network
Jack Kerouac	The Jack Kerouac Collection	Capitol/Enigma/World Beat
Dave	Smooth Mouth Maps	Capitol/Enigma
NDV	See, Dog - a Violation	CBS/Isba
Various Artists	We're All in the Same Gang	WEA
DVG	Descent upon Descent	Manufacture Sound Output
Mark Stewart	Metaphor	Mute/Realness
Herbie Brothers	Brother's Keeper	A&M
Mahabali & the Mahatamas...	Paris Soweto	PolyGram/Urban Africa
Ramones	All the Stars (and More) Volume One	WEA/Isba
Coffin Break	Reprise	CZ
Over	Scandalous the Universe	WEA/Metal Blade
Beef Farmers	Lead and Plowed and...	Bavik/Curb
Best in Places	Under My Skin	Roadrunner
Various Artists	Victims of the Mixing Desk Volume 1	Vision
Philly Punks	Shapiro, Varner, Florida and San Francisco	Fox Music
Various Artists	Celebrate the Sonic Arts	Isba
Shadowline Men on a Shadow...	Savvy Show Stoppers	Cargo/Laethlog
Starcu MC's	The Stereo MC's	MCA/A&B & W
Burning Spear	Meek as David	MCA/Island/Warner
Mono Man	Stop Druggin' / Me Devo	Estes
Gobbohead	Gobbohead	New Alliance
Wojak Fishak	Prisoner of Conscience	MCA/Island/Warner
Ginger Baker	Middle Passage	MCA/Island/Warner
Snap!	World Power	BMG/Arista
F.U.C.T.	Dimensional Depth Perception	Carlyle
Heguzulu	The White Rock/Early Days	We Bitch
Bad Brains	The Youth Are Getting Bigger	Capitol
Haywire	Private Hell	Capitol
La Myreine de Voix Belge...	A Cathedral Concert	PolyGram/Philips
Ashli Tibbitt	Shit	SHN/Diffusion 1 Media
John Doe	Meat Juice	WEA/OGC
Dead Milkmen	Metaphysical Graffiti	Capitol/Enigma
Steel Pole Bath Tub	Lurch	Boner
Shurtz College of Gaudium...	Thirteen Reddishes	Samel
Various Artists	Hot World	Samel
Palace	Backlash	Final Notice
Mark Lemmon	The Winding Sheet	Sub Pop
Devo-Lite	Sample-Sonic	WEA/Isba
MCI & Cool G	So Little	Capitol/CEC
Carl Stone	Four Places	Electro-Acoustic Music
Master Ace	Take a Look Around	WEA/Reprise/Cold Chillin'
Billy Bragg	The Internationale	PolyGram/Utility
Maui Priest	Roadside	A&M/Virgin
Eric B & Rakim	Let the Rhythm Hit 'em	MCA
Various Artists	Music of Harry Partch	CRI
Holly Cole Trio	Get Talk	Capitol/A&B
Quill Parson	Cuprophobia	Fringe
Everlast	Forever Everlast	WEA/Rhyme Syndicate
Patrick Starz	Shit	Green Linn
Devoze	Black, Gold and Puzzy	Sub Pop
The Forz	You, We See You Coming	Empty
Third World	Serious Business	PolyGram/Mercury
The Joy Drive	One Man's Trash is Another Man's Treasure	DR Rags
Mono Negro	Pete's Fever	Sub Pop
Kid Sensation	Rollin' with Number One	Nastyfunk
Bootsauce	The Brown Album	PolyGram
Handful of Soundwaves	Land of the Damned	C'est La Mort
The Gray Johnson Set	Page	Page
Cassandra Complex	Finland	Cargo/Wax Trax
Eggplant	Monkeybars	Dr. Dream
Greg Grom	Can't Live Without It	Cargo/Roadrunner
Charles Fadoles & Chab Sahmrai	Heat Mirror	MCA/Island/Warner
House of Large Sound	Heat Mirror	Toxic Shock
Modern Vendors	One Bad Pecary	Alax
Wild Flowers	Takes Like These	WEA/Slash
The Warrakos	You Won't Stay Sleep...	Page
La Muerte	Death Race 2000	Page
Melvin Man Ace	Escape from Havana	Capitol
Exor	Asphalt Paradise	Douset Engine
3-D Invisibles	They Won't Stay Sleep!	Neurotic Top
Ace Poney	Mr. Superhero	OKra
Danzig	Danzig II - Lucifuge	Dr. American
Judy Nylon	Pat Judy	Roach-Out International

IN ORDER OF AIR DATE AUGUST 3-30

36 DISCORDER

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM
The newest new music: Uggel, Chomont, Schittles, Lutokowski, Birtheville. Information on concerts, recordings, composers. Paul B.A. Sheen/Hawes and Ian Cutchley featuring weeks.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
Reggae, Rock Steady and Sko with George Barrett.

THE SUNDAY NEWS MAG 5:00-5:30PM
CTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of UBC News plus news and sports, daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here at UBC, all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.

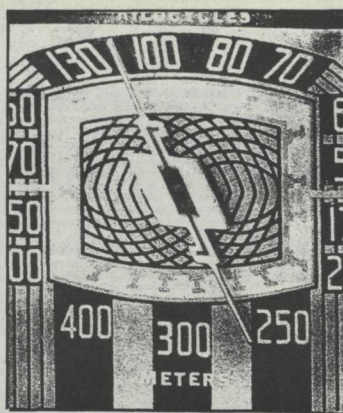
HEAR SAY 5:30-6:00PM
CTR's literary arts program needs YOU to submit your works for on-air performance or reading (by you or your choice).

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/DECOMPOSITIONS 6:00-8:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance hosted by Horacio de la Cueva, alternating Sundays with electronic music and caustic alphabet/spoken word.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM
Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KPJC (Los Angeles, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous into the not-so-famous. BBC Radio New York woke up with the CTR Morning Show. Information to go: news, sports, weather and 'scenic view' reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta hot prices.



Not for anger and despair, but for peace and a kind of home. Suicide note of Lewis Hill, founder of KPFA Berkeley - 1957

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM
Are you blue? Get Brown! Your favourite brownies, James and Peter offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly lucid blend of art and insight. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brownie plate special.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
News, sports and weather.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM
See Sunday for details.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in thunderbird vashy sports action and sports everywhere else for that matter!

FACING THE MUSIC 6:00-8:00PM
A music/informational hour with an emphasis on topics related to awareness and sanity. Host Wayne Davis.

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM
Wear boxer shorts and walk with confidence. Jerome Broadway and Ganet Timothey Harty narrate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sue Gavin Walker. Features of 11.

3rd Parallel Realities with three virtuosos Pat Metheny, Herbie Hancock and Jack DeJohnette in an ego-free collective. The group opened this summer's Montreal

Jazz Festival.
10th The Unheard Mingus: Part 1 of rare broadcast tapes by the Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop. Bassist and composer Mingus leads Booker Ervin (tenor), Toshiko (piano) and others in a passion and Pepper Adams (baritone) and Charles MacPherson (alto) in another.

17th What is Jazz? School time: an educational and often humorous look at what Jazz is and what it isn't. Narrated by Leonard Bernstein who plays piano and sings(?) along with examples by well known Jazz players.

24th The Unheard Mingus: Part 2. More rare broadcast tapes by two editions of Mingus Jazz Workshop.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM
Country music to scrape the cowhitt of your boots to. With yer hot-pole Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3:00-5:00PM
Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

B.C. FOUL 5:30-7:00PM
The thoughts and music of B.C. 'folk' artists, hosted by Barb Walden and Wayne Davis.

AVANT PIG 7:00-9:00PM
Avant-garde Thursday with Pete Luhtychuk. Hot Tuesday each month. World Music Exploration.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

PAULA'S MAG 3:00-5:00PM
The only alternative to KLVN.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
7		MORNING SHOW -- BBC WORLD SERVICE LIVE FROM LONDON AT 8.00AM -- MORNING SHOW					
8	ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	LYDIA SCHYMANSKY	WHITE NOISE	NOW YOU HAS JAZZ	SCRAMBLED EGGS	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10						MOVING IMAGES	
11		MOOO-ZICK	OINK-ZICK	QUACK-ZICK	HISS-ZICK	VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW	
12	NEWS	AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT					NEWS
1	ROCKERS SHOW	SHINDIG SPECIAL	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	MEDIA CONTROL	ELECTRIC KOO'LAID ACID	IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN	POWER CHORD
2						NOISE ONE	
3	THE SUNDAY TUNES	DAVID HAWKES	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	PALLA'S MUG	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWAIR	IN EFFECT
4						NOISE TWO	
5	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE	NEWS MAGAZINE
6	HEARSAY	SPORTS DIGEST	KERENTAFFEH82	YAP-GAP	ARTS CAFE	KERENTAFFEH82	KERENTAFFEH82
7	ELECTRONIC SMOKE.../DE-COMPOSITIONS	FACING THE MUSIC	B.C. FOLK	SUMTHIN' NICH	TOP O'DA BOPS	HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL	MULLAN
8		BOXER	AVANT PIG	JIGGLE	CUT FOR KICKS		THE NEW AFRICAN SHOW
9	MARK LUNN	SHORT BOYZ					
10	ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW	BEAT HEADS	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD BADIO HELL	HOME BASS	RADIO FREE PARKING
11					SOUND OF REALITY		
12							
1	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	WEEKLY SHINDIG '90 WINNERS ANNOUNCED HERE	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN COUNTRY/JOY/OPEN SEASON	MEGABLASTI	DJ ALEX	THE ELECTRIC ENEMA
2							
3							
4							



That old yeasty smell still like a sweaty quilt over the city, a late afternoon invitation to snuggle down in the cozy warmth of some small pub and mutter "Aye, aye, eye" to yourself. Not much immediately obvious has changed in my 18 months away from Scotland, at least not in the weak, watery light of a May afternoon. That's a small surprise, I suppose, in a city with landmarks that date back (if only in name) to Arthurian times. The Royal Mile still rears its spiky spine through the city centre, reminding me of Godzilla resting on her belly, conserving energy for the next stomp session on poor old Tokyo. With its liberal frosting of dogshit, Portobello still cringes contemplatively at the seaside like a tomcat studying a wave tossed dead fish. The house I used to live in still presents the same grimy stone pokerface to the sea. The girls I used to know think of themselves as women now, and I suppose they are. They're still in school or not, alcoholic or not, married or not. Nothing much has changed. They still won't go to bed with me.

But then after all it is the 90's in the "AIDS Capital of the UK," and the scary poster advertising has finally switched into high gear. Apparently a great deal of the blame for Edinburgh's AIDS statistics is laid at the feet of IV drug use, for which the city is inexplicably notorious. The only people who seem to want to talk about it are the folks from outside Edinburgh, who go all googly-eyed when I

mention I'm staying there, who lean a bit closer and whisper conspiratorially "Did you know...?" I dutifully make the required comments of surprise and dismay, join them in a hearty round of disdain and disapproval of the cesspool of vice and decay that is Scotland's capital, and invariably make a sophistic joke about condoms. Sitting as I did today, though, in a sun-suffused morning in the park near Waverly Station, listening to the shouts of children and seagulls, it's hard to condemn the city too harshly.

But in the immortal words of whoever the hell wrote that Clash song, all the scum come out at night. So do I, but, well, you know what I mean. Even if the AIDS scare is a new thing, I suppose there've always been junkies and men who categorically refuse to "wear a little rubber thing on their dick." Nothing new there. What is new, in the clubs and bars and student gatherings, is the way these and other people listen to music, and the music to which they're listening.

In a country whose musical loyalties career drunkenly from style to style, where "in" and "out" flip flop in the span of weeks, it's not that surprising that tastes have changed noticeably in the span of 18 months. What is remarkable, though, is the wholeheartedness of the change, and the degree to which it's been ignored by the media. There have long been the bunks and the lockers and the punk never-say-dies and the poppuppies and the various wannabes. There's also a huge dance music scene that easily

survived the happily rapid demise of most of the acid house she-nanigans. They take their dancing seriously here, and they've held on to those beats per minute with the tenacity of a pitbull making dinner of a pensioner.

But in Edinburgh, at least, it was primarily the Goths that held sway amongst school-leavers and University-age young people, and for an astonishingly long time. "Goth" has always seemed to me to be less a matter of music than of clothing. Thinking I might be judging hastily, I asked around. And in spite of the great numbers of people who have until recently dressed in the Goth style (all doom, decay, darkness and depression), there seem to be very few who can concisely explain what Goth is about apart from that dominant fact of clothing. A friend, during a drunken grapple with the slippery Goth ethos, said you must be able to dance to the music. I mentioned the latest Rick Astley single, and tried valiantly to arch an eyebrow. He qualified by saying that you should be able to dance to it, yes, but dance with an attitude. The attitude presumable encompasses such diverse elements as doom, decay, darkness and depression.

Goth is, appropriately enough considered its fixation with matters necrophilic, dying. A new champion has arisen from the guitar-strewn fields of the musical style wars. The t-shirts are out in force, the leather jackets have been laboriously repainted, and everywhere

Edinburgh Part II ~ The Metal Weeks

by Christopher Kovacs

across the city young men are sitting in dim rooms with expressions of intense concentration, trying to make their hair grow faster by sheer force of will. The Edinburghers refer to this music that has so dramatically changed their collective musical preferences, innocuously and uniformly enough, as rock'n'roll. But they don't mean Jerry Lee Lewis or say of the Elvisses here; they're thinking more of Motley Crue and the Cult, of the Quireboys and the Black Crowes, and other bands of that ilk, both unlauded and not. If cornered, I'd put it all in the spectrum of metal to pinpoint it to just plain (if a little crunchy) pop.

And so going out to some of the clubs my Scottish friends frequent these days, I find myself heartily regretting my decision to cut my hair. As we enter the metal mecca known as Madison's, a group of metal bully boys, some with childscaring potential to rival that of the legendary Lemmy Kilmeister, eye my newly shorn skull suspiciously, but make no comment. They'll give the loan of a tie for the underdressed at some of the posher restaurants, or so Hollywood tells us. Why not the loan of a wig for the hair-impaired at Madison's? No matter—we're in amongst them now, and I fight off the urge to order Jack Daniels' as a sort

of protective colouration. I fight off the urge to giggle a bit, too. Some of the spandex 'n' denim 'n' leather combinations are at best uncomfortable looking, at worst potentially lethal. Best of all are the primitive types, hair straight and uncut, with a band t-shirt and skintight denim encasing skinny shanks, standing in a circle in the centre of the floor. Just standing there amongst the disco lights on a highly polished dance floor. The DJ has announced that he's playing a song by Hell's own next, and these lads want to be prepared. In the presong silence they widen their stances carefully, hang heads limply, and as the guitar begins its assault, they begin to, well, bang their heads. In a circle, hair flying, for four minutes they enact their dead serious ritual, then return to their seats or stand blankly awaiting the next musical trigger that will set their heads bobbing. All I can think of is a rock'n'roll circle jerk, which my companions find not very amusing. The night progresses apace, and as the headbangers give way to the weekend metalheads dancing to Tergitzal or Poison, the proportion of slash-kill-mutilate-metal declines. The propor-

tion of booze-party-chicks metal increases correspondingly, and though I can stomach that variety marginally more than the nasty stuff, I drain my beer and leap up when my companions suggest departure. As we leave, I discover by the pain in my jaw that my teeth have been tightly clenched for a couple of hours. So I suppose a few things in Edinburgh have changed. Cobwebs and lace have given way to t-shirts and jeans. Guitars have gotten crunchier and electronics become a definite no-no. Pints of beer have been pushed aside for American bourbon. These surface changes are of little consequence, though. All that's really happened is that one calculated, contrived attitude has given way to another. It's all so very serious. The guidelines have changed, certainly, but the game is still being played, in all its unconscious self-parody. It may not be the decline and fall of western civilization, it may not even be particularly significant, but in some vague way, it frightens me a little.

COOL MUSIC



DEVO Devo's History is well known to any casual student of popular music. With "Smooth Noodle Maps", Devo establish themselves firmly as the purveyors of catchy, quirky pop tunes. Check out "Post Post Modern Man".

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HOLLY COLE TRIO Playing to rave reviews and sold out concerts all over the country, Holly Cole defies categorization... alternative jazz comes closest. Digitally recorded by Cowboy Junkies producer Peter Moore using his famous Calrec Ambisonic Microphone. The ambience is beatnik, the singing unforgettable, the material unconventional.

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JESUS JONES Jesus Jones is a London-based 5 piece group with some murky, backwood origins they'd prefer not to discuss. The band has been busy with 3 singles in the UK top 50 and a UK gold album. And the press? The 1990 Records Poll of Melody Maker, NME, and Sounds all named them top 5 in the "Best Band" category, while "Info Freako" made top 10 in all 3 for "Best Single of the Year".



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THE JITTERS Their second LP is "Louder Than Words", produced by cult hero Jules Shear. The combination of these two kindred musical spirits has brought anew depth and maturity to the group's material. Spare arrangements allow maximum room for the songs to shine through. R+B - flavoured material has made them campus favourites.



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REVENGE While New Order takes an extended hiatus from recording, the group's bassist/singer, Peter Hook, occupies himself as the leader of this new trio and delivers a most intriguing album. "One True Passion" is reminiscent of the best parts of New Order's "Low Life" in terms of combining driving rhythms and Hook's trademark throbbing bassline.

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SKYDIGGERS The warmth and intimacy of their harmonies conspires to enhance their melodic hybrid of acoustic pop rock. In an entertainment scene used to pre-packaged, form-fit, contrived rock, the Skydiggers shine through with songs full of emotion, full of life.

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RIVER CITY PEOPLE Real Songs about real life: that's the bottom line when it comes to the music of River City People. Their debut album, "Say Something Good" states their case with Tim Speed's chiming guitar, Siobhan Maher's crisp, assured vocals, and a firm grip on both a message and a hook. The title track and "Walking on Ice" in particular communicate their forthright intentions in a similarly clear-eyed fashion.



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MCJ & COOL G MCJ & COOL G mix rap with a bit o' Funk, spiced up with HipHop, in a sound we call Double R&B (Rap, Rhythm + Blues). The music comes from the inner city of Halifax by way of Montreal. MCJ is the rapper while Cool G provides the soulful vocals. "So Listen" is the debut single and album.



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LAVA HAY A blend of guitar, organ, piano, violin, flute, banjo, saxophone and the warm vocals of Suzanne Little and Michelle Gould. Guest appearances by Kevin Kane, Tom Hooper, Vincent Jones (The Grapes of Wrath). Produced by Steve Berlin (Los Lobos, Faith No More).

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NATIONAL VELVET Includes the singles, "Sex Gorilla", "Hysteria", and "Shine On". Produced by Zeus B. Held (Nina Hagen, Zodiac Mindwarp, Transvision Vamp). One of the best live bands in Canada; you will never forget the stage presence of striking vocalist Maria Del Mar. This is their second album.

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STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS This 20 song retrospective collection is just a sampling of some of Stompin' Tom's songs about the people and places in Canada. This cross-country section of Stompin' Tom's career includes: "Bud The Spud", "Sudbury Saturday Night", "Tillsburg", "The Ketchup Song", "Lady K.D. Lang", and "Gumboot Cloggeroo".

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